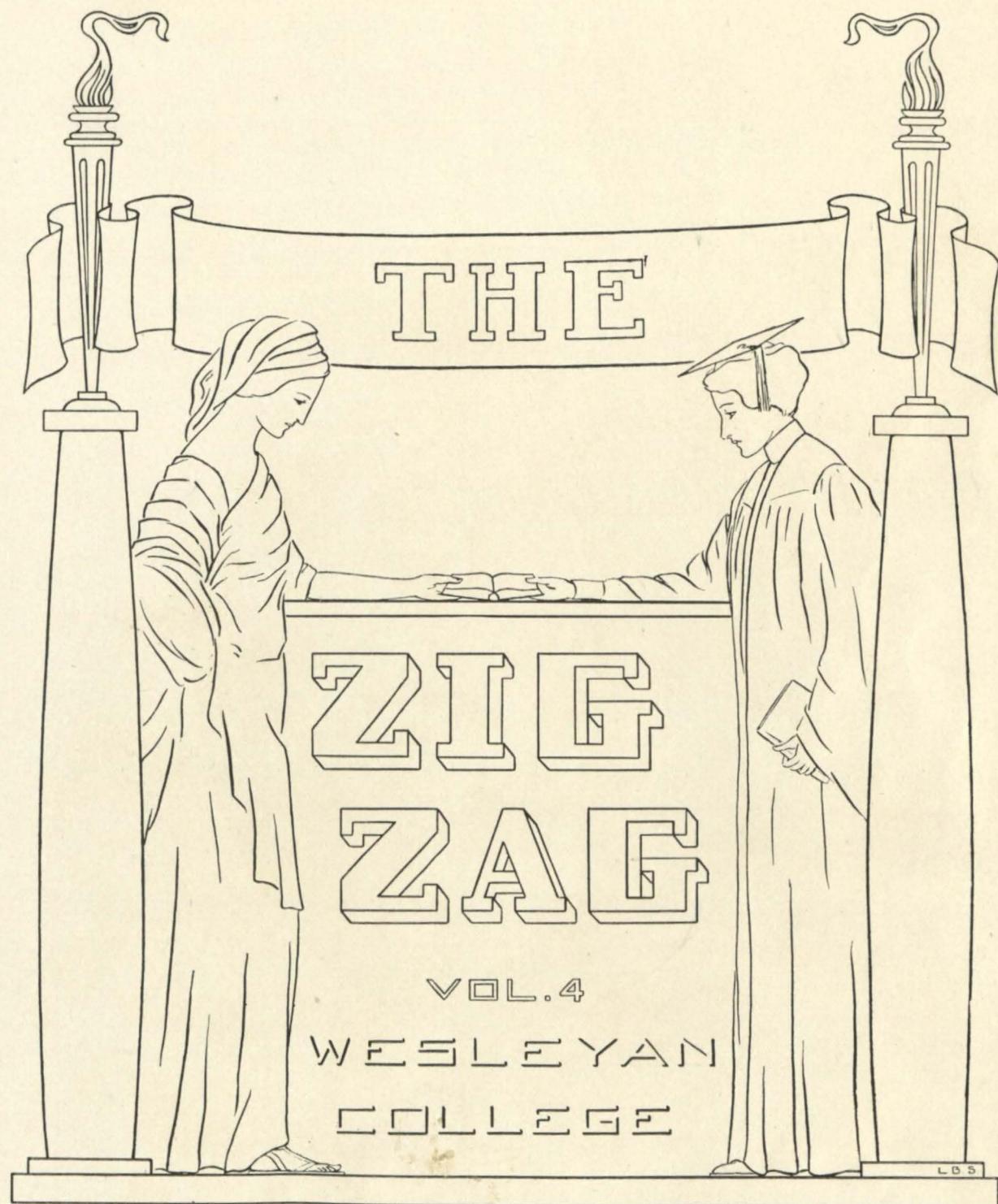
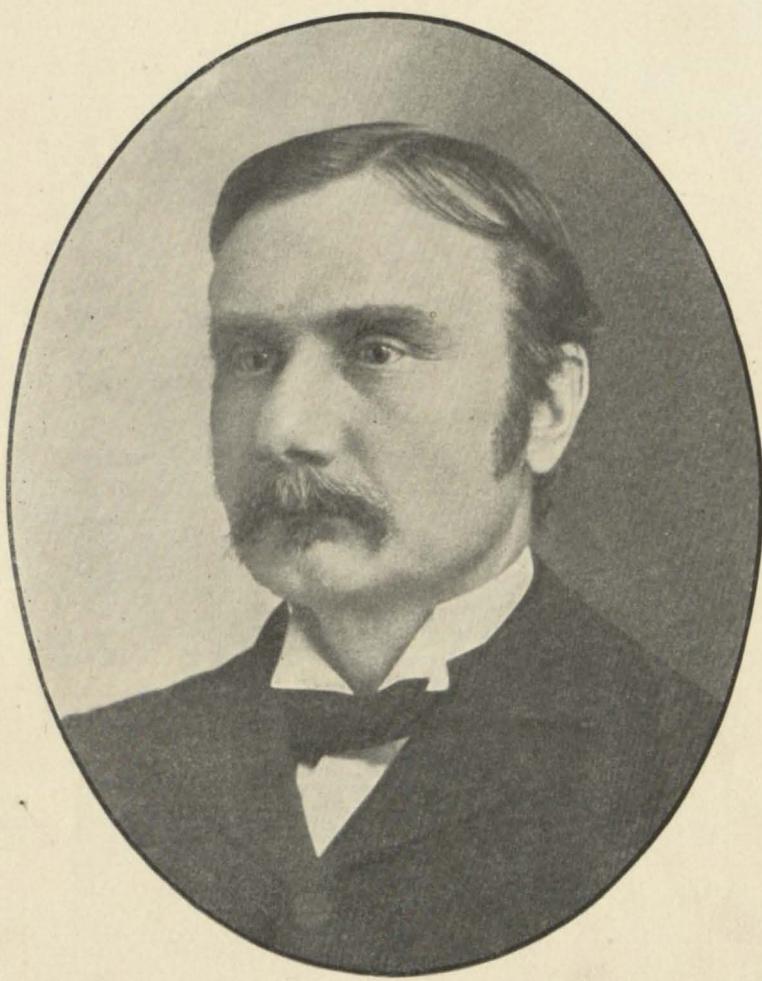


THE
BIG
BIG
10

Blanche Rucker
Alpharetta, Georgia



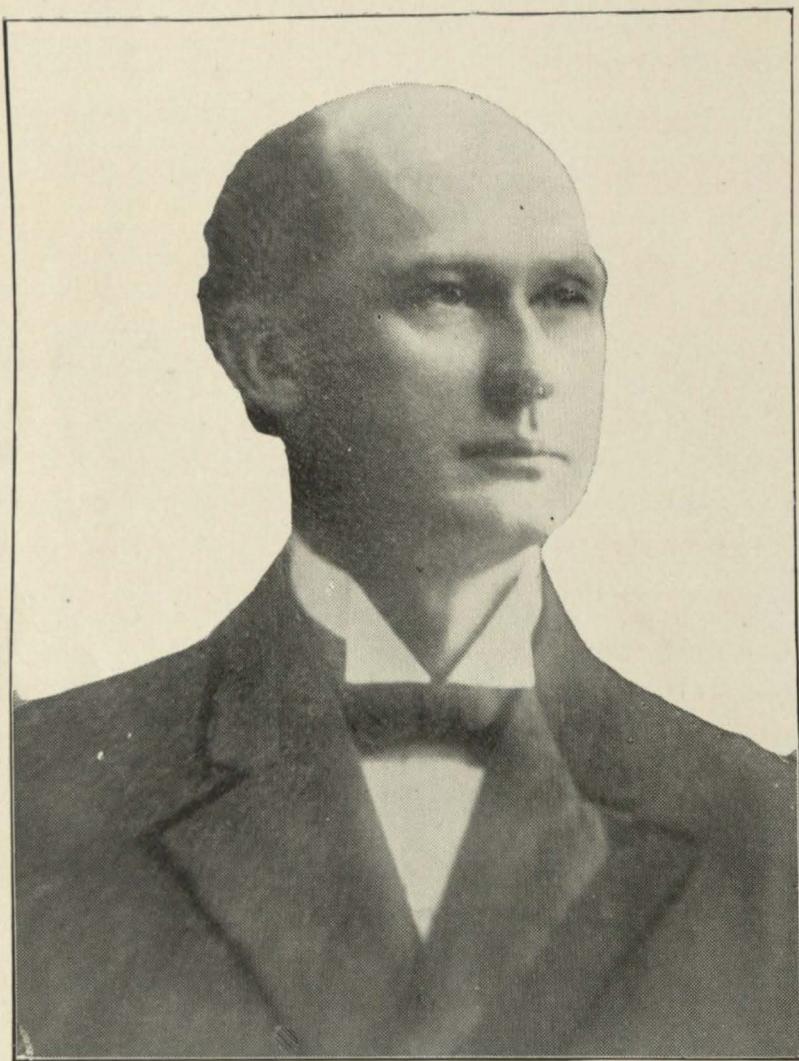
1910



HON. DUPONT GUERRY, President,
1903-1909.

DEDICATION.

Although we can not fashion into speech
The love, O Presidents, we bear for you,
And loyalty which has and ever will be true,
The record of our labors and our thoughts
With glad and joyous hearts to you we've brought,
And offer as a token of our love,
To prove our ties to you will ev'r be strong,
And never will they break this whole life long.
To you, beloved Presidents, old and new
This chronicle of our college year
We dedicate, in words sincere and true,
For Wesleyan's halls will ever hold you dear
And sing on high the glory due to you;
Accept this token offered to you here.



W. N. AINSWORTH, D.D., President,
1909-1910.

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Piano.

MISS FRANCES ROSS BURTON,
Violin.

MISS VIOLET MOYER,
MISS PAULINE BACHMAN,
Voice Culture.

Board of Editors, Wesleyan Zig-Zag, 1910.



BOARD OF EDITORS, WESLEYAN ZIG-ZAG, 1910.

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MATTIE MAY TUMLIN, Pictorial Review Editor.

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LEE BELK, } Local Editors.

NELL FURR,
MAUDE PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.



THE CLASS OF 1910.

Class Poem, 1910.

Oh, Wesleyan, fain would we leave thy halls to-night—
Fain would we go out into the world
To paths that seem not clear and bright
As those we trod under the flag unfurled,
Than thy protecting love what can we find more true,
More noble, more endearing through all years?
That we may cherish thee and be true blue
O Alma Mater, this be our ardent prayers—
O girls, with whom we've toiled and worked and won—
O classmates, comrades, faithful to the last,
Let us arouse to action! never duty shun!
“Seize upon the day” and whilst through life we pass
And dark the shadows loom upon our way,
Never shall we a golden minute waste in idleness, nor by delay
Shall we sit mute, but tread with quickened pace!

L. B., '10.



Senior Class Poem.

“Carpe Diem.”

Comrades, gather 'round me—
I hear a voice so low
Speaking in accents gently,
I hear,—but I do not know

The form I see appearing
Across the distant way—
It rushes onward, ever nearing—
It's here!—but will not stay!

With fear, almost, I stretch my hand
To stop its maddening rush—
Too late! Across the land
It darts with just a brush

Of flying garments on my face;
The wind went rushing by.
“Not one moment short, of grace,
Or time to think,” I cry!

“Stay!” In its flight I caught a whisper

Whistling by my ear—
“*Carpe Diem!*” Hasten Sister!”
Are the words I hear.

This is all the spirit left me
Hast’ning on its way;
Yet its voice is ever near me
Warning—“Seize the day!”

So along the way of life,
Rugged though it be—
In the turmoil of the strife
Strain your eyes to see

This fast-flying, mighty spirit—
Opportunity;
Seized, 'twill bring you joy and merit
Through eternity.

S. K. K., '10.



Elizabeth Lee Belk, A.B.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

A Δ Φ

Entered Fall '06.

"The first of all virtues is innocence, the next is modesty."

Secretary of Class, '07-'08. Prophet of Class, '10. Alumnae Editor of *Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Local Editor of ZIG-ZAG. Local Editor of *Wesleyan*, '08-'09. Snookum.



Ida Lois Atkinson, A.B.

EAST POINT, GEORGIA.

Entered Spring '07.

*"For no other reason than a woman's reason,
I think it's so because I think it's so."*

Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Class Treasurer, '07-'08, '08-'09. Member Basket-ball team, '06-'07, '07-'08, '08-'09. Class Historian, '10. Exchange Editor of *The Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Business Manager '10 ZIG-ZAG.



Octavia Elizabeth Bethea, A.B.

DILLON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Δ Φ

Entered Fall '06.

*"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."*

Treasurer of Class, '06-'07. Literary Editor of *Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Literary Editor '10 ZIG-ZAG. Member Basket-ball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10. Snookum.



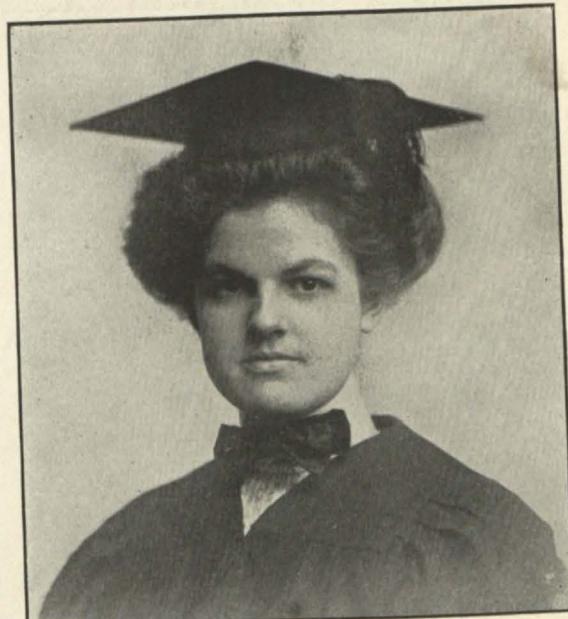
Agnes DuPre, A.B.

CANTON, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '06.

*"Rare compound of mirth, wit and fun,
Relishes a joke, and enjoys a pun."*

Vice-President of Class, '09-'10. Business Manager of *Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Statistics Editor of ZIG-ZAG, '10.



Bessie Chichester Cooper, A.B.

BROOKHAVEN, MISSISSIPPI.

A K Ψ

Entered Fall '09.

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Secretary of the Greater Wesleyan Club, '10. Editor of Dramatic Club, '10. Member of Basketball Team, '10. Business Manager of '10 ZIG-ZAG. Snookum.



Sarah Lee Evans, A.B., B.M.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

A Δ Φ

Entered Fall '07.

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."*

Assistant Editor-in-Chief of ZIG-ZAG, '10. Sergeant-at-Arms of Class, '07-'08, '08-'09. Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '08-'09. Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10. Y. W. C. A. Editor of *Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Snookum.



Susie Mae Greer, A.B.

OGLETHORPE, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '06.

*"The stream from Wisdom's well
Which God supplies is inexhaustible."*

President Class, '09-'10. Associate Editor of *Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Literary Editor of '10 ZIG-ZAG. Treasurer Greater Wesleyan Club, '09-'10. Post-graduate in piano, '10. Member Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10. Winner of Freshman Scholarship Medal, '07.



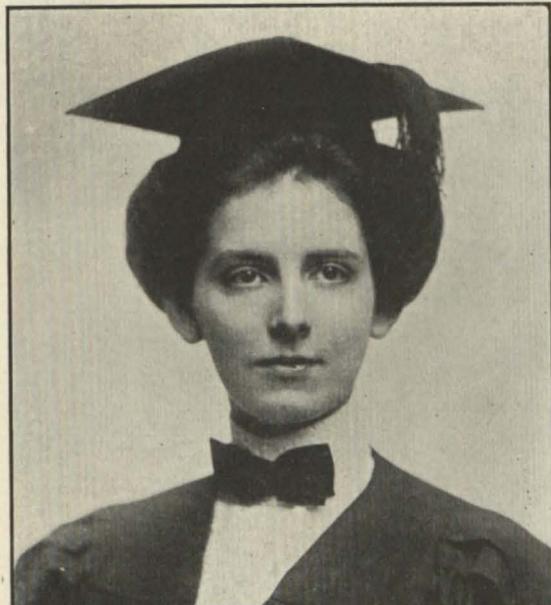
Vera Nell Furr, A.B.

PONTOTOC, MISSISSIPPI.

Entered Fall '06.

*"I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobody."*

Class Reporter, '09-'10. Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10. Second Vice-President of Missionary Society, '09-'10. Secretary of '10 ZIG-ZAG.



Esther Hosch, A.B.

HOSCHTON, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '07.

*"She doubtless sees and knows more,
Much more than she unfolds."*



Jessie Bradford Isaacs, A.B.

MACON, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '06.

*"All things I thought I knew, but now confess
The more I know, I know I know the less."*

Historian of Class, '06-'07.



Susie Kathleen Kroner, A.B.

WINTERVILLE, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '06.

*"That old miracle—love at first sight—needs no
explanation."*

Secretary of Class, '08-'09. Poet of Senior Class.

Literary Editor of *Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Local
Editor of *ZIG-ZAG*, '10.



Ruth Parrish, A.B.

BROOKLET, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '06.

*"Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute."*

Piano Graduate, '09.



Rena Pittard, A.B.

WINTERVILLE, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '08.

*"The purest treasure mortal times affords
Is spotless reputation."*

Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'09. President of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10. Sergeant-at-arms of Senior Class. Y. W. C. A. Editor of ZIG-ZAG.



Maud Lovett Phillips, A.B.

QUITMAN, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '07.

*"She hath a dimpled cheek, a cherry lip.
A bonny eye, a pleasing, passing tongue."*

Vice-President of Class, '08-'09. Member of Basket-ball Team, '07-'08, '09-'10. Member of ZIG-ZAG Staff, '10. Certificate in Piano, '09.



Madge Rayle, A.B.

POINT PETER, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '07.

*"Time, place, action may with pains be wrought,
The genius must be born and never can be taught."*

Art Editor of ZIG-ZAG, '10.



Leonora Augusta Smith, A.B.

A Δ Φ

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '06.

*"She that is convinced against her will
Is of the same opinion still."*

Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10. President of Class, '07-'08, '08-'09. Treasurer of Missionary Society, '09-'10. Member Basketball Team, '06-'07, '07-'08, '08-'09. Member of Honor Committee, '09-'10. Social and Statistical Editor, '10 ZIG-ZAG. Snookum.



Cornelia Greaves Smith, A. B.

MACON, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '06.

*"Mine honor is my life, both grow in one,
Take honor from me and my life is done."*

Editor-in-Chief of *The Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Class Historian, '08-'09. Member of Honor Committee, '09-'10. Art Editor of ZIG-ZAG, '10.



Lessie Lee Trammell, A.B.

LAKELAND, FLORIDA.

Entered Fall '07.

*"But she, while her companions slept,
Was toiling upward in the night."*

Graduate in Piano, '10.



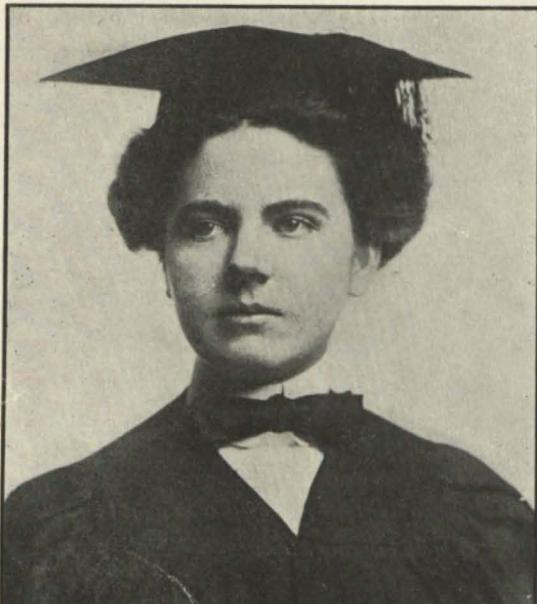
Blanche Valine Rucker, A.B., B.M.

ALPHARETTA, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '06.

"Wisdom, knowledge, power, all combined."

President of Conservatory Club, '09-'10. Elected Member of Dramatic Club, '09-'10. Member of Basket-ball Team, '06-'07, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10. Treasurer of Class, '09-'10. Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10. Athletic Editor of 'ZIG-ZAG.



Mattie Mae Tumlin, A.B., B. M.

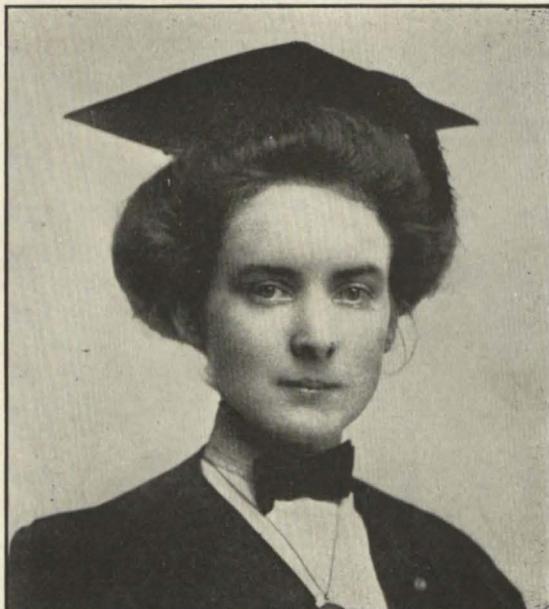
HOGANSVILLE, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '05.

"Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens."

Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Secretary of Class, '09-'10. Business Manager of *The Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Pictorial Editor of '10 ZIG-ZAG.



Bess Brooks Warren, A.B.

MACON, GEORGIA.

Entered Fall '08.

"Thou weighest thy words before thou givest them breath."



Martha Ella Wilkinson, A.B.

BARNESVILLE, GEORGIA.

A K Ψ

Entered Fall '07.

*"The bright black eye—the melting blue,
I can not choose between the two."*

Captain of Basket-ball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10. President of Dramatic Club, '09. Literary Editor of *The Wesleyan*, '08-'09. Local Editor of *The Wesleyan*, '09-'10. Editor-in-Chief of *Zig-Zag*, '10. Snookum.

Senior Class Song.

Tune "*Sailing.*"

Come girls, let's make our voices ring,
For of the Senior Class we sing.
We sing again of heights attained,
We sing of victories we have gained;
And e're we part, we'll add new jewels bright
To those that glow in Wesleyan's crown of light.
Here's to the Seniors, the class of 1910—
May she add new honors to old Wesleyan's name.

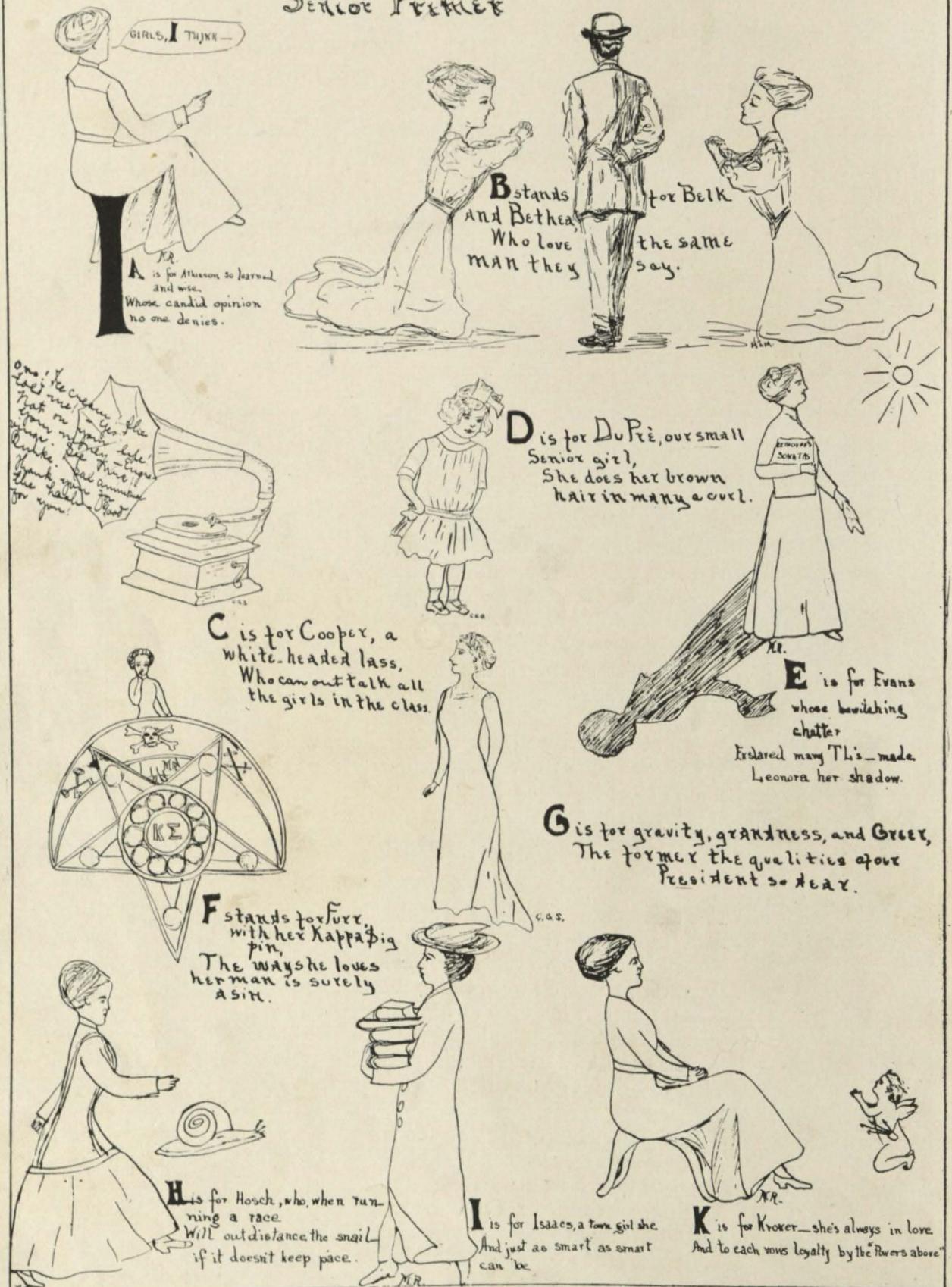
Wesleyan, Wesleyan, our alma mater grand—
We'll ever love thy classic walls,
The noblest in the land.
Wesleyan, Wesleyan, a toast, a toast to thee—
We'll take a cup, and drink it up
And pledge our loyalty.

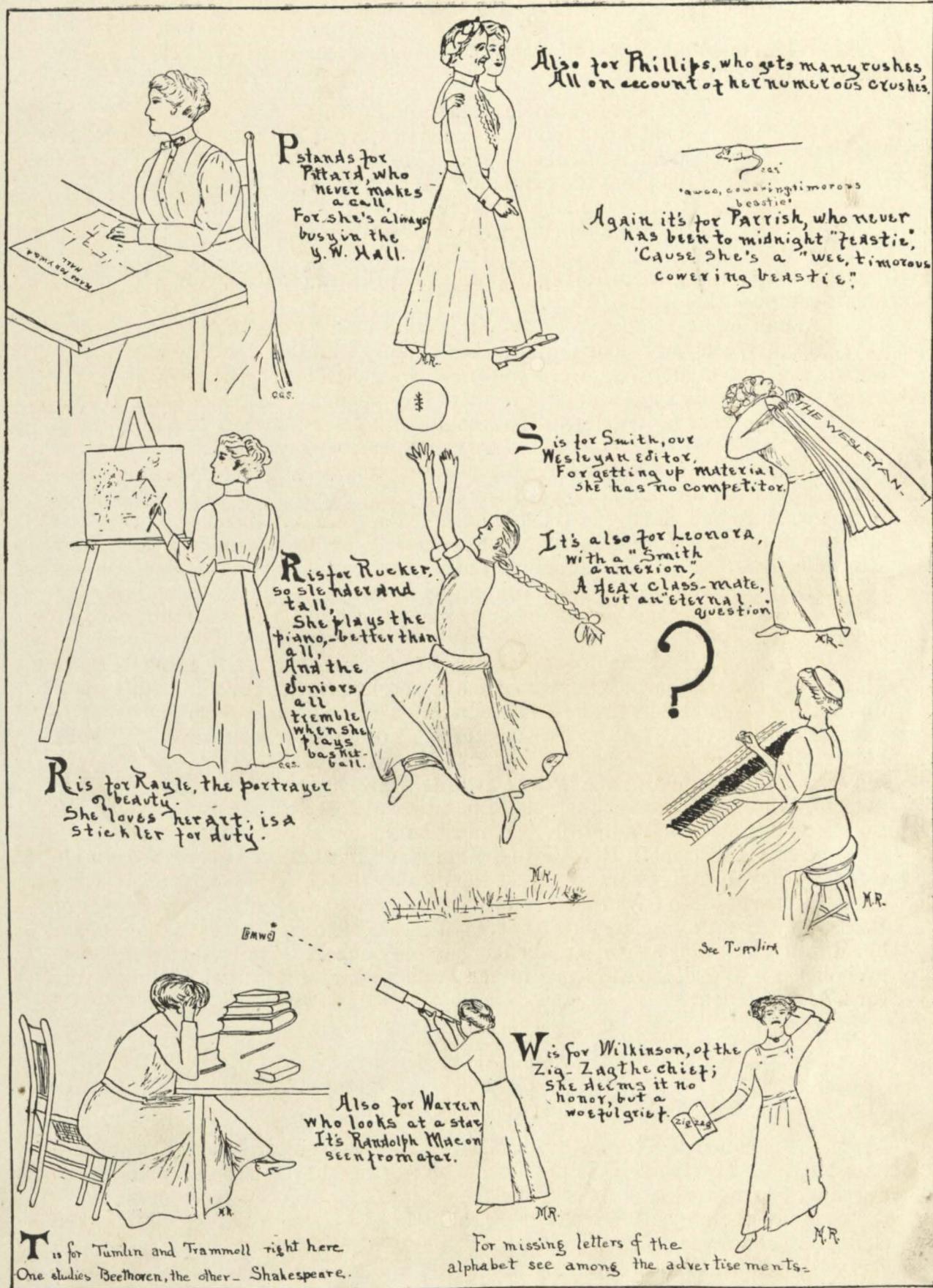
The tide is flowing with the gale
And soon from Wesleyan's shores we'll sail,
The harbor bar we soon shall clear—
Farewell, farewell to Wesleyan dear.
When tempest tossed o'er billows of life's sea
Wesleyan then, our guiding star shall be.
Here's to old Wesleyan, and here's to girls so true,
Will you think of us when far away from you?

Sailing, sailing over the sea of life
And many a stormy wind shall blow—
There'll be a long-fought strife.
Sailing, sailing, far away from you,
But still our ardent love for thee
Will evermore be true.

L. A. S., '10.

Senior Pictures





History of the Class of 1910.

When one undertakes to record the deeds of the class of 1910, one may may well exclaim:

“Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such deeds in words;
What skillful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues;
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?”

Twenty-two girls differing in personal appearance, taste, views, ideas and ideals compose this class of 1910.

When eight small girls, all enthusiasm over being at college, tripped gayly up to Wesleyan's door and knocked timidly that bright September morning in the year 1906, they were welcomed by a little girl, standing all alone, ready to take them by the hand and introduce them to “dreams come true;” for the Prep. year at Wesleyan had made Ruth Parrish ready and anxious to roam the new fields commonly spoken of as “Verdant Freshman.”

Ruth came to Wesleyan from Brooklet, Ga., and though she has spent the best years of her life here, yet these five years from home have not sufficed to put within her a daring heart, for more often than any member of the class she succumbs to the terrors of homesickness. From September until May Ruth's continuous wail is “show me the way to go home.” Among the many things that Ruth has taken since coming to Wesleyan, only two deserve mention—she took a diploma in music her Junior year, and the mumps in her Sophomore year.

“A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair” is Susie May Greer of Oglethorpe, Ga., who came to Wesleyan with her mind fully made up that she would reflect honor and credit on her credentials. So she went to work at once and bore off the Freshman medal for high scholarship. In music, her ambitions are pinned quite as high as in literary pursuits, and accordingly in May a post-graduate diploma is to be awarded her. Susie May has a special fondness for professors, and she is able to boast of at least a half dozen whom she counts as her steadfast admirers. It must be their wisdom which attracts her.

Octavia Elizabeth Bethea, of Dillon, S. C., has believed ever since she entered Wesleyan, four years ago, that the dignity of the class is hers as a sacred trust. Octavia often says that her heart was carried away either by a Senior of 1908 or by her room-mate last year. Perhaps this heartlessness accounts for her dignity. Be this as it may, she has had only one T. L., only one friend. Octavia became Wordsworth-struck in her Junior year, and in her frenzy wrote for *The Wesleyan*:

“Oh, to be wafted away,
From this black vale of sorrow;
Where the dust of an earthly to-day,
Makes the dust of a dusty to-morrow.”

Upon the poem being turned down by the Literary editors, Octavia, nothing daunted, took Myrtle Reid as her model, and turned her pen to the serious production of love stories.

Since the advent of Nelle Furr, a little girl from Pontotoc, Miss., the class has been made fully acquainted with a Mr. Smith, whose name is now on every lip and breathes from many a sonnet. When love is mentioned, Nelle at once “sits up and takes notice;” and if any one seems prone to treat lightly

such a subject, it is Nelle who opens argument to convince the foolish of the error of her way. It is generally thought that she will be the first to march down the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

The athlete of the class, Blanche Valine Rucker, has struck terror to the heart of every basket-ball team since she bore off the championship in the Freshman year. Blanche hails from Alpharetta, Ga., the land of wonders. She never tires of lauding "our little town." When she has exhausted encomiums concerning its past and its future, she adds as a crowning glory the fact that it is the county seat of Milton County, even if it is seven miles from the railroad. Blanche is also interested in music, and with all her enthusiasm for athletics and for Alpharetta, Ga., she had found time to devote to music, and so she will receive a music diploma in May. When the Conservatory Club was recently organized, Blanche was honored with the Presidency.

Although little Agnes DuPre came to Wesleyan from Canton, Ga., with not the slightest idea of ever finishing the course, she decided after coming back Sophomore year to work for a "dip," and she has kept her resolution. In stature, Agnes is the smallest girl in the college, but she has a sufficient amount of independence to supply every member of the class, and still have a good large portion left for her own use. Last summer, Agnes decided that there was in her soul the capabilities of a great prima donna, and so she has been training her voice since September. Not yet, however, has she seen fit to warble even to the admiring members of her own class. Possibly she is preparing to charm us at the Senior banquet—where all startling truths are disclosed.

Susie Kathleen Kroner, of Winterville, is one of the jolliest girls in school; appreciates a joke more than any member of the class, and always tries to evade questions in the class room by relating a joke. For months she has used Halley's Comet as her refuge in Astronomy recitation. When Susie is happy she laughs "To let people know it;" and when she is sad she laughs "So as not to show it." Soon after she entered college, however, it was discovered that she had one noteworthy characteristic, and that is that boys have no charms for her. Especially has this been true since her Junior year, when she met a Mercer man. In order to have him spend just one hour in Wesleyan's parlors every Sunday evening, she has encouraged him to take every course at Mercer. Susie is a poet, and her favorite line from the poets is "My love is like a red, red rose."

That Jessie Bradford Isaacs came from the High School in Macon to Wesleyan to study is an accepted truth, and although the adage reads: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," Jessie is the exception that proves the rule, for she has continued to study while others played "and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew." Had the Trustees not abolished Senior Reader places Jessie would have claimed one or two, but although this inducement to study has been removed, she studies. When the Historian began to make research into Jessie's past, one interesting fact was brought to light which explains why she has busied herself with books. From her youth up she has been betrothed to a Chicago boy, whom she has never seen, and so she is storing up knowledge, and with her getting, getting understanding, so that she may not disappoint the University man.

Sara Lee Evans and Leonora Smith, two kindred spirits, both from Atlanta and boasting of the Atlanta spirit, are "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Since their matriculation at Wesleyan they have rather separated themselves from the common minds. Leonora ran for class President and was elected through several terms, while Sara Lee was unanimously elected sponsor for the Confederate Veterans at the Reunion at Birmingham, which filled them so with pride that they have never been able to

recover entirely. For months after Sara Lee matriculated she was so hedged about and followed by a string of ardent admirers, always at a distance, that her classmates scarcely had an opportunity of knowing her until her Senior year. Now that she is trying for an A.B. degree and a diploma in music, she finds that there is no time to devote to popularity or other frivolous matters. Leonora has very decided notions of her own on all subjects, and woe unto that one who tries to oppose them, for Leonora, convinced against her will—and it is always against her will—remains of the same opinion still.

When Martha Wilkinson, of Barnesville, reached Wesleyan, she at once announced to her classmates that life is worth every bit of the fun and pleasure to be found in a college course, and that the class of 1910 must "get there" at whatever cost. She made a start immediately by keeping the entire class up all night before class day, so that 1910 colors might be placed on the highest pinnacle. Whatever Martha goes at, she does with a will. As captain of the '10 Basket-ball Team, she has wiped all the teams clear off the field. She has talked so well that in May the Faculty will award her a diploma in Expression.

Elizabeth Lee Belk, commonly known as "The Belk Baby" or "Lee-Lee" or "Jack," has no certain fixed place of residence, as her father is a Methodist Minister, but she is at present from Atlanta. Lee came down to take up her abode at Wesleyan while we were Freshmen, but the trouble and anxiety of caring for her "little sister Mary," who was then a Junior, proved such a burden and such a strain to the child's nerves, that it became necessary for her to remain at home after Christmas. In September 1907, however, she returned to begin work as a Sophomore. Lee, with her dreamy eyes, has always been recognized as the imaginative genius of the class, and every day she startles the college world with some vivid picture of her own creation. Just recently she penned these lines on "The Coming of Spring:"

" 'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is slowly rising in the west;
The rapid river slowly runs,
The frog is on his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious, leap from bough to bough."

This power of seeing visions marked her as class prophetess, and gave her the future as a vast domain through which she is privileged to roam, gathering therefrom what s to be "Ye fate of each ye Seniors."

Maude Lovett Phillips of Quitman, Ga., had never caused any great excitement until the night of the Soph.-Senior banquet, when she stepped forth more gorgeously arrayed than the "lilies of the field" or than "Solomon in all his glory." At last, Maude had starred. The word *starred* is used advisedly in this connection, for she is an ardent student of Astronomy, but had never shown any special poetic genius until recently when Mr. Hinton had the Astronomy Class out on the campus with the telescope. Maude looked steadily at the heavens for a few seconds, and then, turning from the telescope said:

"I am a Senior student, I,
My star is gone from yonder sky,
I think it went so high at first,
That it just went and gone and burst."

Cornelia Graves Smith and Bess Brook Warren claim Macon as their home. The bane of Cornelia's existence has been one great and mighty effort during her Senior year to gather heavy articles for *The Wesleyan*, and she wastes much precious time pleading with the Literary editors not to fill up the pages with silly love stories. Partiality has been shown Cornelia since she became a boarder; for just because she is a town girl "These Rules of Wes-

leyan"—which change not—were broken, that she might have a sewing machine in her room.

Bessie Warren could never have been persuaded to leave Randolph-Macon had Cornelia not been at Wesleyan; and Cornelia could never have been persuaded to take a regular course if Bess had not appeared on the scene. The Faculty will gladly give Cornelia a diploma in May, for she has succeeded in all her undertakings, even to coaxing Bess into one class meeting and getting her to attend the Soph-Senior banquet. Doubtless Cornelia would have found the task easier had Bess not feared that if she became too much interested in Wesleyan, she might have to give it a place in her heart with Randolph-Macon. Bess and Cornelia add the flavor of immortal friendship to this history, as did David and Jonathan to Holy Writ, or Damon and Pythias to "the glory that was Greece."

Mattie May Tumlin has roamed here and there over the North Georgia Conference, but now is for a while at Hogansville, Ga. She decided once in the long ago to take up her abode at Wesleyan, but came resolved to carry away two "dips," and 1910 marks the date of the consummation. If the year were marked by no other great event, and crowned by no other glory than this, yet would this year be glorious, for Mattie May, having long since lost count of the date of her first appearance on Wesleyan stages of action, has tried to graduate with most of the classes since 1839. She joined *us* just because she thought we were the most promising class and because it offered another Junior prom. She is a strong advocate of the "germ" theory, and cultivated with success one fever germ which has so often come between her and her "dips." When anyone desires to know of some long past event, Mattie May is sought. Recently in discussing the date of the remodelling of the chapel, some one said that it was ten or twelve years ago: upon hearing this, Mattie May immediately replied, "Oh, no, it was finished the first year I came."

That Mattie May existed at the college for so many years without Rena Pittard of Winterville, Ga., is hard to believe, but it was a red letter day in Rena's life when she decided to anchor at Wesleyan and work for a degree. Before joining *us* she had quite made up her mind to shine as a social queen, so she went to a finishing school. The finishing process did not satisfy her soul, however, and she matriculated at Wesleyan with the determination to get an education. This earnestness of purpose broadened her vision until she saw "the fields white unto the harvest," so she has become a student volunteer. The Young Women's Christian Association offered itself as a training school for her life work, and most of her time and efforts have been spent in this channel.

From Hoschton, Ga., came Esther Hosch of Room 26 M. B. She has diligently pursued her studies since coming to Wesleyan, and has begun to think that it is almost time for her to get a "dip," since she has been in college seven years and boasts of twenty-nine different room-mates. Long ago Esther decided that "haste makes waste" and accordingly she takes her own time in reporting to chapel, to classes and to meals, usually wandering in some time during the period as though the whole day were hers. After due consideration Esther has adopted as a motto:

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me:
I walk with myself, and I talk with myself,
For myself and I agree."

During her full course she has been guided by the determination to avoid "cases" and all frivolities that might take her mind from her studies or from Room 26.

Point Peter may be unknown to the reader, but such a place exists, and Madge Rayle can exactly locate it; for well she remembers "the place where she was born, and the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn." She joined the class of 1910 in the Sophomore year, but Wesleyan life was too strenuous, so she spent the next year at home resting. Madge is a marvel, for she takes every special course and every course offered in the Science Department, yet she has never been overworked. "Love, what a volume in a word," Madge is often heard to exclaim, for she has interesting romances and is a strong advocate of co-education in preparatory schools.

Lessie Trammell, the only Florida girl, has a home in Lakeland, but is never unduly boastful of "The Land of the Flowers." She became so addicted to studying during one summer course at the Wesleyan summer school, that she has not been able to break the habit during her Senior year. Every night from ten to eleven she may be found in the library, diligently engaged, though it may be in nodding over her books. It is said that she sleeps with a note book under her pillow.

"To get thine ends, lay bashfulness aside;
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be deny'd,"

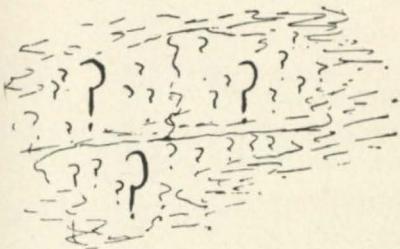
quotes Bessie Cooper of Brookhaven, Miss., who came late but achieved much; for she came to conquer at all hazards, and with a fixed determination she set to work at the very beginning. In one thing, however, Bessie has met failure, for with all her exercise and dieting she can not get thin; and when she is alone, her inmost soul cries out:

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself in dew."

This chapter is finished. Very soon our class must begin to make new history in another sphere, better, nobler and stronger perhaps. We do not claim to have done more nor to have achieved greater success than any other class, but we have tried to leave a cleaner path, and one a little smoother for those who must walk over it after us; and to leave a record clean and pure, of which we need not be ashamed.

I. LOIS ATKINSON, Historian.

Prophecy of the Senior Class, 1910.



“ ‘Twas night, and weary limbs o’er all the earth
Saw quiet slumber; forests and wild waves
Had sunk to rest; when stars with gliding orbs
Wheeled midway, and when all the field is still,
Cattle and painted birds, that haunt the breath
Of limpid laks or rough bosky wold
Beneath night’s silence laid to sleep, the cares
Awhile were lulled, their hearts were got to ache
Not so the spirit vexed,” Senior Prophet.

“Nor did I sink dissolved in sleep
Nor draw the night into my heart or eyes,
My pangs redoubled, and prophetic frenzy refused
To surge and swell.” Oh, what have I to do?
Once more try my inventive art.



In vain could Virgil carry me to the Cumean Sybil, and in despair I threw down my pen and groped my way alone, dodging at every corner the argus-eyed night-watchman. I slipped into the Wesleyan Observatory to see if my horoscope would read that the Senior election had not read my talents wrong. I felt for the telescope, adjusted it timidly, and put my eyes to the eyepiece.

“Was it only a bright spot I saw, and what was that luminary trailing far-like glory behind?” “Halley’s Comet,” I cried. As I did so, the speck became larger, until it covered the lens and a sudden glory filled the room. Long hairs swept across my face, and as I caught one to brush it aside, I realized that the tail of the comet was sweeping the earth.

“Eureka,” I cried, and swinging on to that hair with might and main, I felt myself lifted rapidly through the air. As I clung tighter and swung through the air, two objects dangled toward me, and I saw, to my relief, that I was not the only being leaving the earth.

“Why, Sara Lee Evans, why Leonora Smith, can that be you? How on the tail of a comet come you here?” “Why,” answered Leonora, “haven’t you heard of the machine we have invented which can move over the earth or water or through the air? We unfortunately have gotten tangled in the tail of this comet, and are out for a ride no telling where. Lee, if you and Sara Lee will knot the hair, you can sit in the knot and have fine fun looking at the world beneath as you pass.”

The tail swung and vibrated above a large city. Everything seemed to be in a great uproar; all the people were running madly through the streets, and we thought they were excited over us and the comet; but no, they seemed to be in chase of something evidently hard to catch. Private detectives and liveried policemen dashed here and there, around the street corners, scanning eagerly the faces of the excited populace, in an effort to arrest the two greatest woman suffragettes in the world. Presently we saw two strangely attired women walk arm in arm down the street, shunning public recognition and seemingly avoided notice. “Who can these two women be” we wondered. I looked more eagerly, and recognized two of my classmates—Agnes DuPre and Susie Kroner. Then I called out “Susie, Agnes, look up, catch a hair—this is the tail of Halley’s Comet and you’ll escape.” Quickly it was done, and the gaping crowd saw their prey swept from their grasp as we passed by.

“Cute,” cried Agnes. “For shame, Agnes,” said Susie. “If it were true that you had no opportunity to study the new dictionary, you would be excused for using Old Wesleyan slang.” “New dictionary—whose?” I asked.

"One has been edited greatly superior to the Century or Murray's; it contains fifteen thousand new words, and as many ways of pronunciation, and all this was done by none other than Lois Atkinson," said Susie. "I am glad my school days are over," I said, but the momentum of the comet swung us apart, and only an occasional word floated to me.

Speaking of Lois, Nell Furr, you know, has become so wild about Zoology that she has an animal ranch out in Mississippi, and she has recently accepted a position as animal trainer in Barnum and Bailey's circus. She has endowed Old Wesleyan with a museum that is to be known as the "Quillian Museum of Natural History."

A current of air swept a scrap of paper into my hand, and I read, "The Heavenly Sphere Fully Discovered and Explored," by Mattie Mae Tumlin. I called out, "How fine it would be, girls, to have 'Old Tum' up here for a guide. She always had heavenly aspirations—maybe we'll pass her airship, for she is so flighty on aerial subjects that she rarely moves among men."

Another hair of the comet's tail swung toward me, and I saw clinging to the same hair two women, the one placarded, "A Lineal Descendant of Major Ozone, the World's Greatest Fresh Air Fiend;" the other girl was tagged with a card which read, "The Most Representative of World's Women." "Hello, girls," they cried, and I recognized Martha Wilkinson and Bessie Cooper.

"My glass house with glass windows, walls and doors was having so many stones thrown at it," complained Martha, "that to keep from getting hit, I had to shut it up; I can't live in a closed house, so I took to cometing for a whiff of air. Bessie Cooper, here, is so occupied with social obligations that I brought her out from the stuffy old drawing rooms: Bessie needs this rest, for she exhausted herself at the wedding of Bess Warren, and in helping her establish in the Adirondack Mountains a matrimonial bureau as a crusade against the bachelor girl. Bess Warren also has a scheme on hand to get Congress to tax the old bachelors. Besides all of this, Bessie Cooper has been exploiting the greatest emotional actress in the world," continued Martha. "You know, I was always crazy about expression, so I went to see the great emotional actress do the Lady Macbeth stunt. She came on the stage in that sleep-walking scene, trailing her flowing gown, as she tried to rub out the damned spot, 'Out, I say.' When my eyes rested on Lady Macbeth's face, I could not realize that the great actress could be old Susie Mae Greer. We met Susie later at Rena Pittard's bridge party. Rena, you know, is the social queen in Paris, and at her home champagne and everything worldly is in evidence."

As I thought over what Martha had told us, I saw a lonely woman sitting on the side of a bleak volcano. Her strong, serious features seemed strangely familiar, and as the comet's tail swept nearer the earth, I recognized Madge Rayle. Before her was an easel, and Madge was seeking new colors in the sulphurous smoke and flames.

Just at this minute there passed by an airship in which sat Maude Phillips and Ruth Parrish. I could scarcely believe my eyes—those two girls who never let their imagination soar at Wesleyan, now doing the skylark stunt, soaring higher, ever higher as they call out, "How did you all get on the tail of a comet? We have just come from Mars, and if you pass near there you will see Lessie Trammell; she's organized, not a Ku-Klux Klan, but a Captain Kyd Club, and is amassing a fortune as chief of a band of buccaneers in the canals of Mars."

Swiftly did the airship pass on, but Phillips and Parrish threw into my hands a page of the *Bavarian Banner*, accounting the sad fate of the world's greatest musician, Blanche Rucker, who had become so enthusiastic in lecturing on the theory of theories and the harmony of harmonies in music, that

as a reaction she has at last succumbed to a sleeping stupor, as did Rip Van Winkle of old.

The paper also had an account of the world's greatest jockey, Esther Hosch. This did not surprise us much, for Esther was always wild over the riding of horses, even of hobbies; but Esther's breaking the world record on speed couldn't compare with our own aerial flight on the tail of the comet. To tell the truth, we knew not how fast we were going till we saw a strange looking sight coming toward us. We noticed it was of a red color, and pretty soon perceived it to be a balloon with Cornelia Smith dangling below. She told us, as she approached, that she had been so much admired and courted by mere man below, that to escape she had sought refuge in the upper air by means of the balloon, which she had tactfully taken from Nell Furr's animal ranch. She gave us the real fact concerning Octavia Bethea and Jessie Isaacs, of whom the people of the world were gossiping. Rumor says that Octavia has lost her mind because she devoted her splendid fortune to the founding of a lunatic asylum; but, really, she is a great philanthropist, for she has set up a reformatory for one-idea people. It is beautiful to see her faithful in the discharge of her duties as matron of this institution.

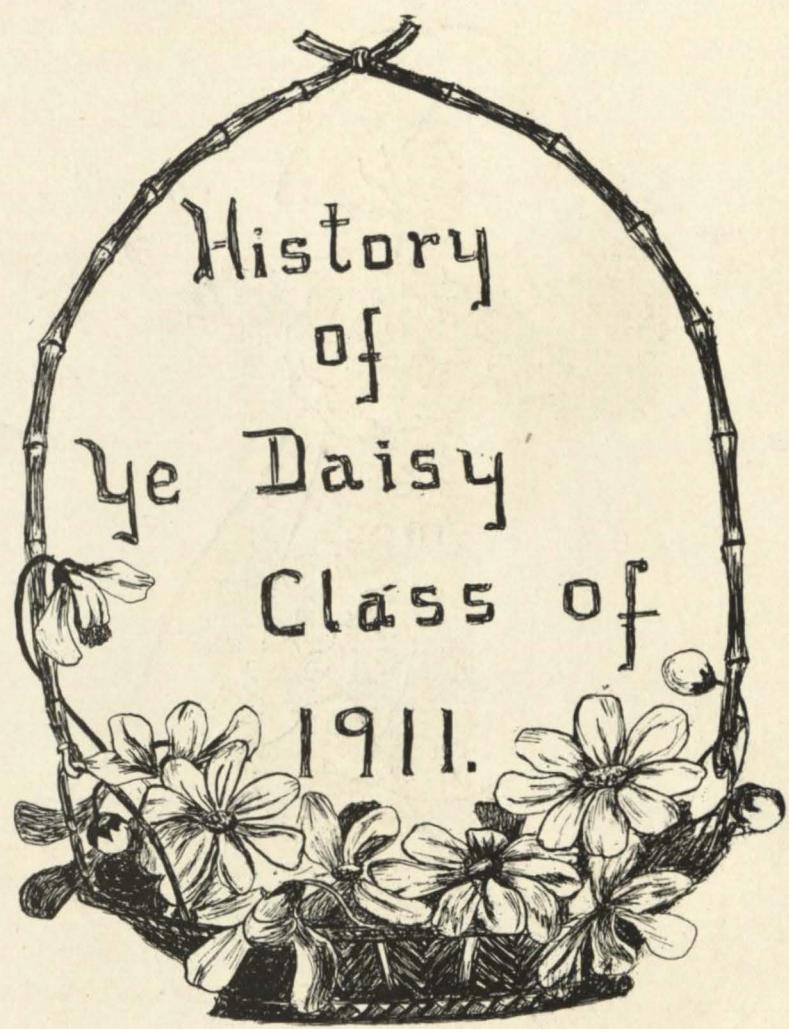
Jessie Isaacs, in her effort to escape the swaggering tongues of mankind, has embarked to Tartary, and there reigns supreme as queen of a tartar tribe. She is lovingly spoken of by her friends as "Cream of Tartar."

Something seemed to daze me—I find myself rubbing my eyes vigorously—what does it all mean? Had I dreamed?

L. BELK, '10.



JUNIOR MASCOT.



Sub-Freshman.



Wesleyan's tender buds are we,
Just grafted on to learning's tree

Freshman.



“It’s plainly seen, it’s plainly seen,
That we don’t give a ‘rip’ if some folks do call us green.
There now, well yes, we know we are fresh;
But that’s because, you see, we are never stale like the rest!
One wonders why though others try
Unsophisticated Freshmen always pass them by.
Others try hard to take the lead
But Wesleyan’s yellow-jackets give them ‘stung,’ indeed!”

Sophomore.



O, the learned headache, how it makes us sigh!
We know so exceeding much already,
That the doctors say we'll die.
They have diagnosed us, and have pronounced us ill.
All our heads are big, because they
Are with learning filled!

Junior Class.



Junior Class.

COLORS: *Gold and White.*

FLOWER: *Daisy.*

MOTTO: *"After it, follow it, follow the gleam."*

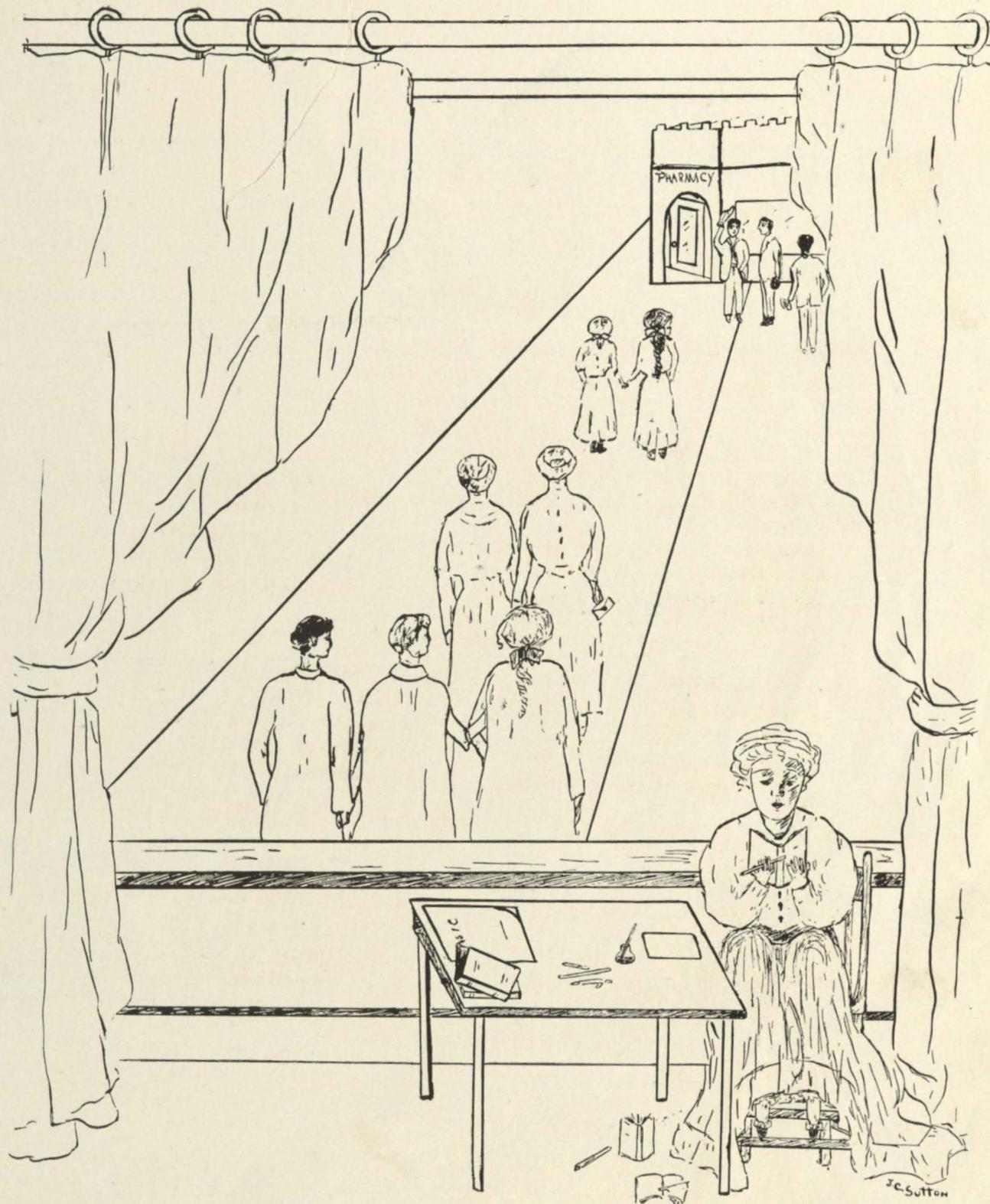
CLASS OFFICERS.

President	NANCY CALL BRYAN
Vice-President	ETHEL DARLING
Secretary	LOIS HARDY
Treasurer	CELESTE DUNBAR
Local Editor	MARY EVA MALLETT
Sergeant-at-Arms	FLOY OLIVER

CLASS ROLL.

ADAMS, BLANCHE	MALLETT, MARY EVA
ADAMS, MARIE	MATTHEWS, HELEN
BRYAN, NANCY CALL	MATTHEWS, HELEN T.
CALHOUN, RUTH	MENARD, REBA
CRAIG, MARY WESLEY	NAPIER, GLADYS
DARLING, ETHEL	OLIVER, FLOY
DUNBAR, CELESTE	ORR, WILMA
ECKER, E. GERALDINE	PARKER, CLARA
GARDNER, EMMA	PONDER, MARY
HAMILTON, HAZEL	POWELL, FLORENCE
HARDY, LOIS	PONDER, MARY
JACOBS, JEWEL	POWER, WINIFRED
LEWIS, JELKIE	SMITH, CHLOE
	WHITE, BETTIE LOU

Sophomore Class.



LORD, I THANK THEE THAT I AM NOT
LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

Sophomore Class.

MOTTO: *“Fortis cadare, sed cedere non potest.”*

FLOWER: *Marechal Niel Rose.*

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	RUTH DIX
Vice-President	JENNIE LOYALL
Treasurer	MARTHA KING
Historian	LUCILE RAY
Sergeant-at-Arms	RUTH STALLINGS

CLASS ROLL.

ARNOLD, RUTH	LEE, VIVIAN
BENTON, LUCYE	LOYALL, JENNIE
BETHEA, MARY	McMICHAEL, ELLA BESS
BONNELI, ANNIE SUE	MALLARY, ROSALIE
BRANHAM, REBECCA	MOORE, REBA
DICKEY, JULIA	PARKER, VES
DIX, RUTH	PEED, VIRGINIA
HARTE, LOUISE	PHARR, CAMILLA
HOWARD, MARTHA	POER, ALLEEN
HUDSON, KATHLEEN	RAWLINGS, MABEL
IRVIN, NELLE	RAY, LUCILE
KING, MARTHA	STALLINGS, RUTH
LAMBDIN, BEATRICE	TILLY, WALTER
LANIER, RITA	TUMLIN, WINIFRED



History of the Class of 1912.

The Sophomore Class of 1910 which aspires to be the Seniors of 1912, consists of twenty-seven girls, of whom twelve are blonds, and fifteen brunettes; not a snub-nose one in the number, not a one that is not passably good looking, but possibly too much avoirdupois may occasionally be found.

With an effort, we recall to mind the dim past when our class first assembled at Wesleyan and our voices first resounded within its walls. There was but one epithet then applied to us and that was "Fresh." In a short time, our elder sisters understood that a new specie of "Fresh" had made its debut upon the stage of Wesleyan. Each time that they endeavored to submerge us in their "I know it all," proud air, and their patronizing stare of "you poor, poor little ones," we would bob up and thrust back at them. We stood our grounds and put the enemy to flight.

This year we have entered heartily upon our regular college course. We have put aside childish thoughts. The hatchet is buried. Our hard training of the past year has fitted us for the numerous and arduous duties that confronted us. We have stood the test and, without conceit, I can say that we have stood it well.

Although the Sophomores are weighted down with mighty thoughts and great intentions, yet occasionally they find time to indulge in a glass of ice cream or a box of Huyler's.

Here is a secret that I will tell you,—the girl voted to be the most original in college belongs to the Sophomores of 1910.

I have told you of our enemies, now I shall tell you of our friends. We have a strong and mighty comfort in the present Senior class. In our uprisings with the foe, in our misery, and in our pleasure, these faithful Seniors have stood by us. They guided our uncertain steps and have placed our feet upon solid rock. Words are meaningless when we attempt to sing the praises of the Seniors of 1910.

In the two years that lie before us, we are resolved to do credit to our college. We hope to lay a foundation that, strong and substantial, will be worthy to build the structure of our future life. We hope to gain a knowledge that will fit us to cope with the perplexing problems that lie before us. Then we hope, and not only hope but work to attain the end that the Seniors of 1912 may be the truest and best that have ever passed from Wesleyan's doors.

LUCILE RAY, Historian.



Freshman Class.

COLORS: *Red and White.*

FLOWER: *Red Carnation.*

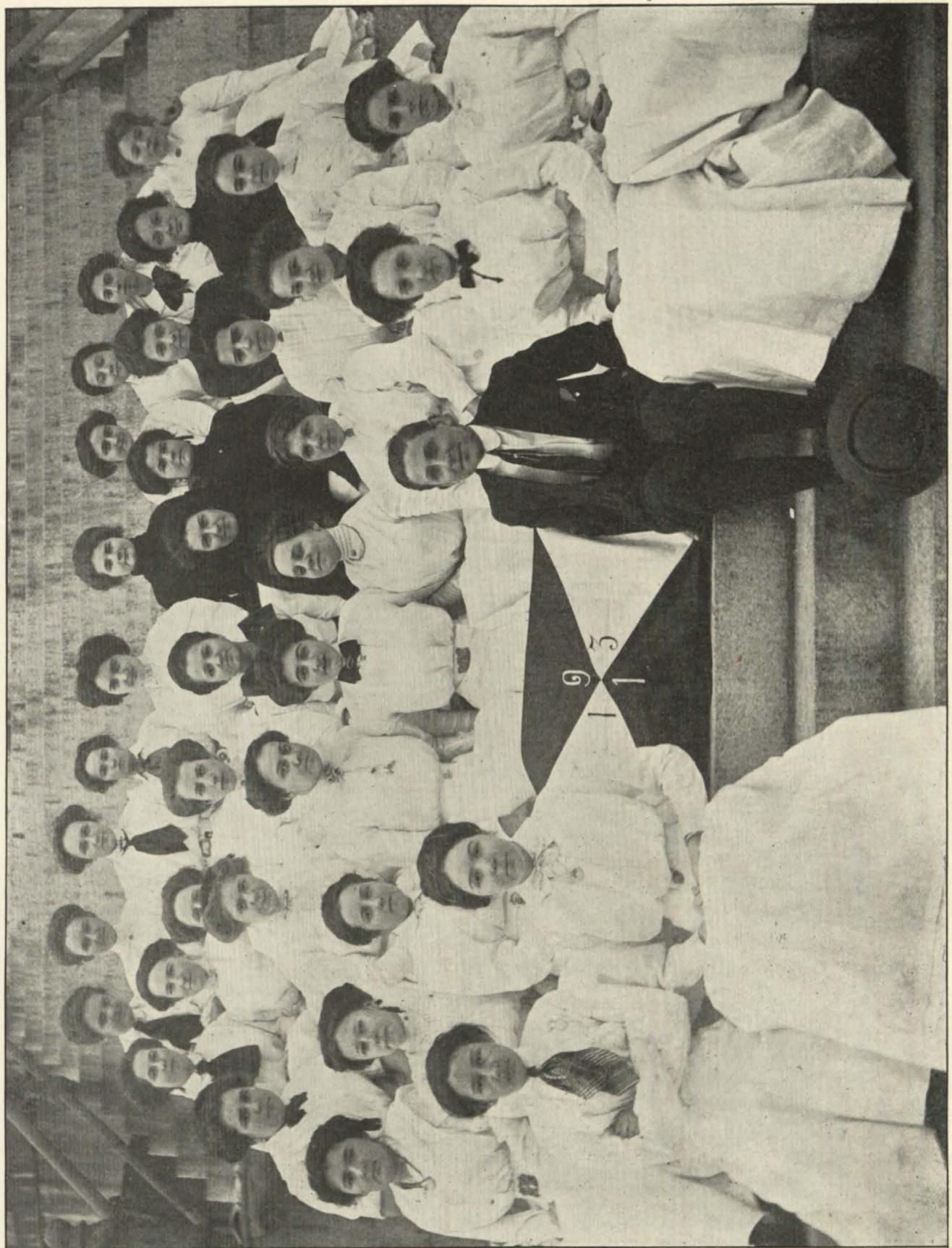
MOTTO: "Per aspira ad astra."

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	EVELYN CRAWFORD
Vice-President	ANNE CUNNINGHAM
Secretary	CHRISTIE BRYAN
Treasurer	GLADYS OUSLEY
Sergeant-at-Arms	EUNICE GORDY
Historian and Reporter	HATTIE STUBBS

CLASS ROLL.

AINSWORTH, MALCOLM, honorary	BURKS, MISS MARGIE, honorary
ADAMS, CORNELIA	GURR, WILLANNE
ANSLEY, RUTH	HARDY, ANNIE LOU
ATKINSON, JOHNNIE	HENDRY, IDA BELL
BAKER, ELIZABETH	HINTON, WILLIE MAE
BAKER, LEO	JEFFORDS, JOSIE
BARROW, MARIE	KELL, MARIE
BRYAN, CHRISTIE	LUMPKIN, RACHAEL
CARNES, CATHERINE	McDONALD, BEATRICE
CHESTER, WRAY	McDONALD, IRENE
CLEMENTS, LUCILE	McMICHAEL, MINNIE
COLEMAN, RUTH	McRAE, KATHLEEN
COTTER, GERTRUDE	MATHER, LUCY
CRAWFORD, EVELYN	MERRITT, SUSIE
CUNNINGHAM, ANNE	OUSLEY, GLADYS
DOBBS, ETHEL	PALMER, MARION
DUMAS, JANELLE	RAMBO, EMMA MAE
GANTT, ANNIE	SHELTON, RUTH
GARDNER, ETHEL	SOUDER, VIVIAN
GODFREY, FRANCES	STEADHAM, OLIVE
GORDY, EUNICE	STUBBS, HATTIE
GRICE, RUTH	VERNER, MABRIE
	WILLIAMS, EMMIE



THE CLASS OF 1913.

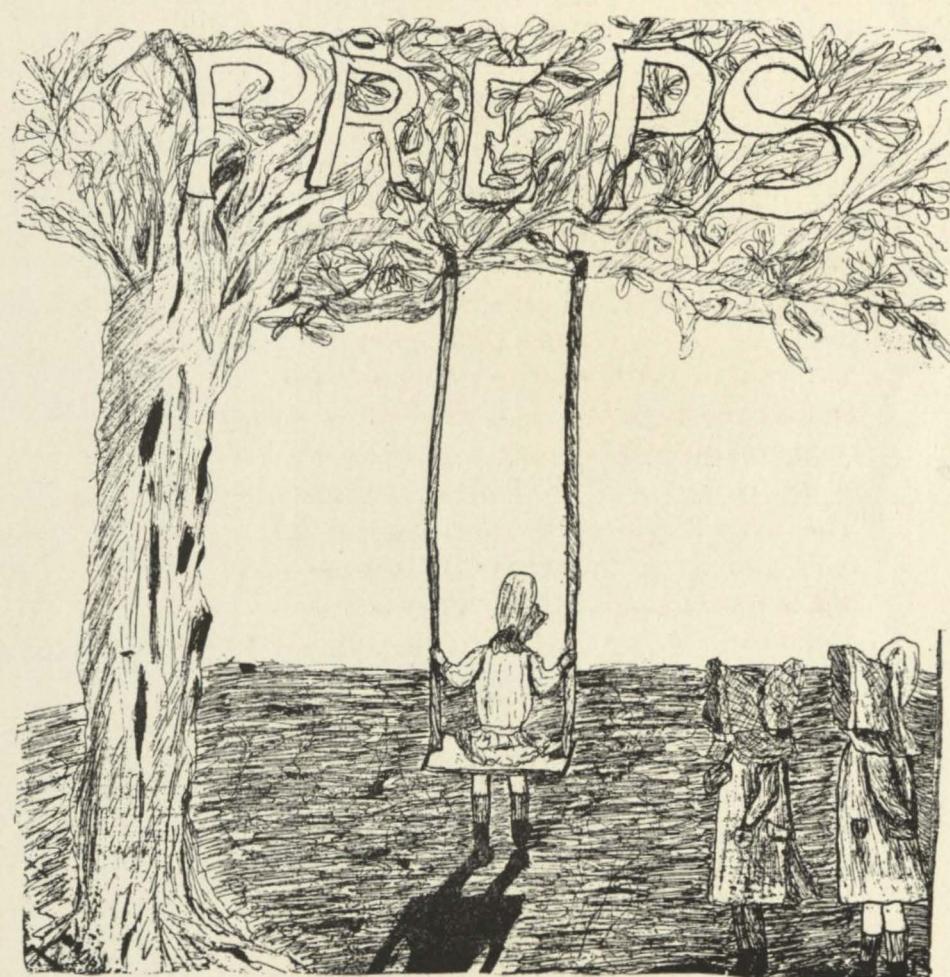
History of the Freshman Class.

(With apologies to BRYANT.)

To Freshmen who in love of class have held
Communion with her visible forms, she spoke
A various language; for our gayer hours
She had a Junior picnic, Klu Klux Klan,
And fun of Masquerade; she also crept
Into our painful studies with a mild
And healing sympathy that stole away
Their hardness, e're we were aware. When time
For pleasant recreation came like balm
Upon our spirits; when glad images
Of tennis and exciting basket-ball,
And breathless watching, and the victory our's,
Made us to laugh and to grow gay at heart;
Then went we forth on campus and we beat
The haughty Soph'mores, while from all around
Arose the cheering cries of Juniors dear.
Not even in old Wesleyan's gloomy halls
Did we remain alone, nor could we've wished
Companions more congenial; for we dwell'd
With patriarchs of the college world-teachers
The powerful of earth—with Juniors fair
And wise; great thought of all the ages past
All in one mighty prison. The campus
Hedge-ribb'd and ancient as the sun—the grass
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable trees; and pour'd round all,
Old Macon's hills and vales and Vineville fair,—
Are but the old familiar 'virons, all
Of the great home of Wesleyan's daughters fair.
We live that when the summons comes for this
Illustrious Freshman class to move to that
Mysterious day, when each receives at last
Her dip in Wesl'yan's chapel, we shall go
Like conquerors all to reap the spoils of war
Sustain'd and sooth'd by each success, we will
But emulate the class of 1909
The Klu Klux Klan, who bore the white and red.

HATTIE STUBBS, Historian.

Preparatory Class.



Preparatory Class.



MOTTO: *Nulla Vestigia Retrosum.*

COLORS: *Lavender and White.*

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea.*

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	BERTHA MORRIS
Vice-President	ANNIE BROWN EDWARDS
Secretary and Treasurer	CHRISTINE JAMESON
Historian	RUTHELLEN ODUM
Sergeant-at-Arms	PETRONA HUMBER

CLASS ROLL.

COGGINS, FANNIE CADE	MILlican, MATTIE
COCKRAN, LELIA	MOCK, HELENA
DONOVAN, RICHARD	MORRIS, BERTHA
EDWARDS, ANNIE BROWN	ODUM, RUTHELLEN
FREEMAN, ANNIE	SOONG, CHUNGLING
HUMBER, PETRONA	WHITE, GENEVIEVE
JAMESON, CHRISTINE	WHITE, HELEN

Special Class.

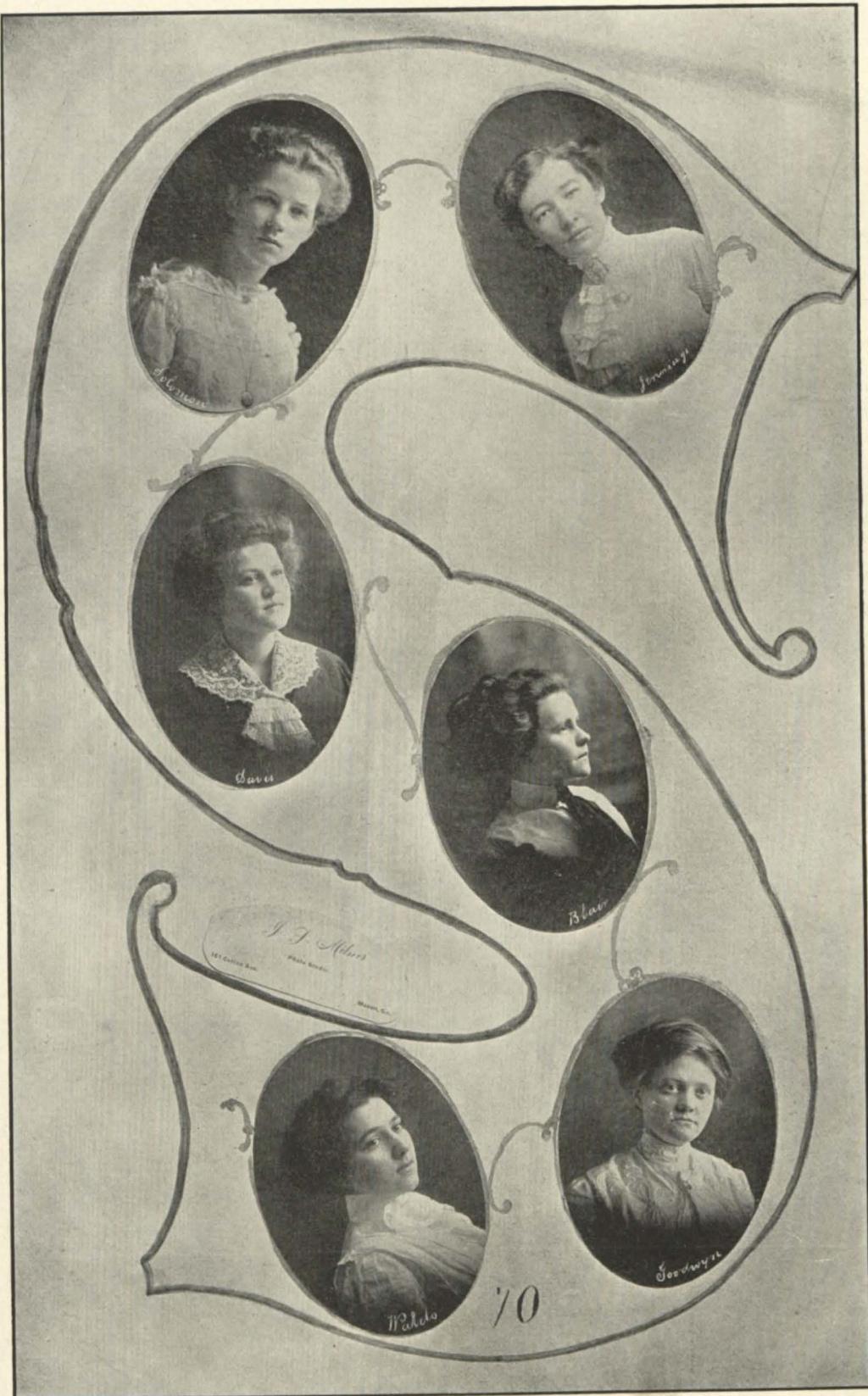
COLORS: *Purple, Lavender and Gold.* FLOWER: *Wistaria.*

MOTTO: *Drifting, not rowing.*

ALFORD, MINNIE	MAYNARD, HATTIE
ARLINE, MADELINE	MILLICAN, GLADYS
BARMORE, OLLIE	MOORE, KATHRINE
BICKNER, GERTRUDE	MORRISON, ELIZABETH
BLAIR, WILLIE MAE	NEWSOME, BONNIE
BONNELL, GLADYS	NEWSOME, MAMIE
CATER, LIZA	O'CONNOR, MARGUERITE
CHAMBERS, FRANCIS	PHIFER, MARY
CHAPMAN, CARRIE MAY	RENDER, MARY
CHILD, ANNIE RUTH	REED, ELIZABETH
CLEMENTS, ALMA	ROBINSON, CLAIRE
CROSS, CHARLIE MAY	ROUNTREE, BESSIE
CROSS, FLORENCE	SASSER, MATTIE KATE
DAVENPORT, CLARA BELLE	SHANKS, WINNIE
DORSEY, ANNIE B.	SHEALY, ARTIE
DRAKE, MARTHA	SHORT, LILLIAN
DUNCAN, OPAL	SMITH, ETHEL
FIELDER, FRANCIS	SOLOMON, ELEANOR
GAY, MARION	SOLOMON, ELIZABETH
GIBSON, MAY	STOVALL, DIMPLE
GOODWYN, JULIA	STAFFORD, MARTHA
GRAHAM, FRANCIS	STAFFORD, RUBY
GRIFFIN, BERTA	SULLIVAN, NETTIE LEE
GRIFFIN, LOUISE	SUTTON, JESSE
HARPER, KATHLEEN	TINSLEY, CLAUDIA
HARRIS, MARGARET	THOMAS, MARION
HARVEY, LUDIE	THOMPSON, IRENE
HEARN, MATTIE	THOMPSON, SALLIE FRANK
HEARN, SARAH	TRAMMELL, LOLA
HICKS, CARRIE JANE	WALDO, NELL
HOLT, THENA	WALKER, ELOISE
HOWARD, LETHIA	WELCH, KEMPLE
JENNINGS, MARTHA	WILLIAMS, EMMIE
JOHNSON, LAURINE	WILLIAMS, LETHIA
LECRAW, DAISY	WILSON, ETHEL
MASON, RUTH	WISE, LEE
MATTHEWS, LOUISE	WOOTEN, GLADYS
MAYNARD, ANNIE	WRIGHT, ESTELLE
	VICKERS, RUTH



DRIFTING, NOT ROWING.



OFFICERS OF THE SPECIAL CLASS.

WILLIE MAE BLAIR, President.
ELEANOR SOLOMON, Vice-President.
MARTHA JENNINGS, Treasurer.

NELL WALDO, Secretary.
JULIA GOODWYN, Historian.
PEARL DAVIS, Sergeant-at-Arms.



"THE CANDY KIDS" OF THE SPECIAL CLASS.

Oh look here all you people
We'll tell you on the sly
The Specials are the Candy Kids
And that you can't deny.
The Seniors are our "T. L.'s"
They are just what we admire,
The Subs. and Sophs. the very best
What more could heart desire?



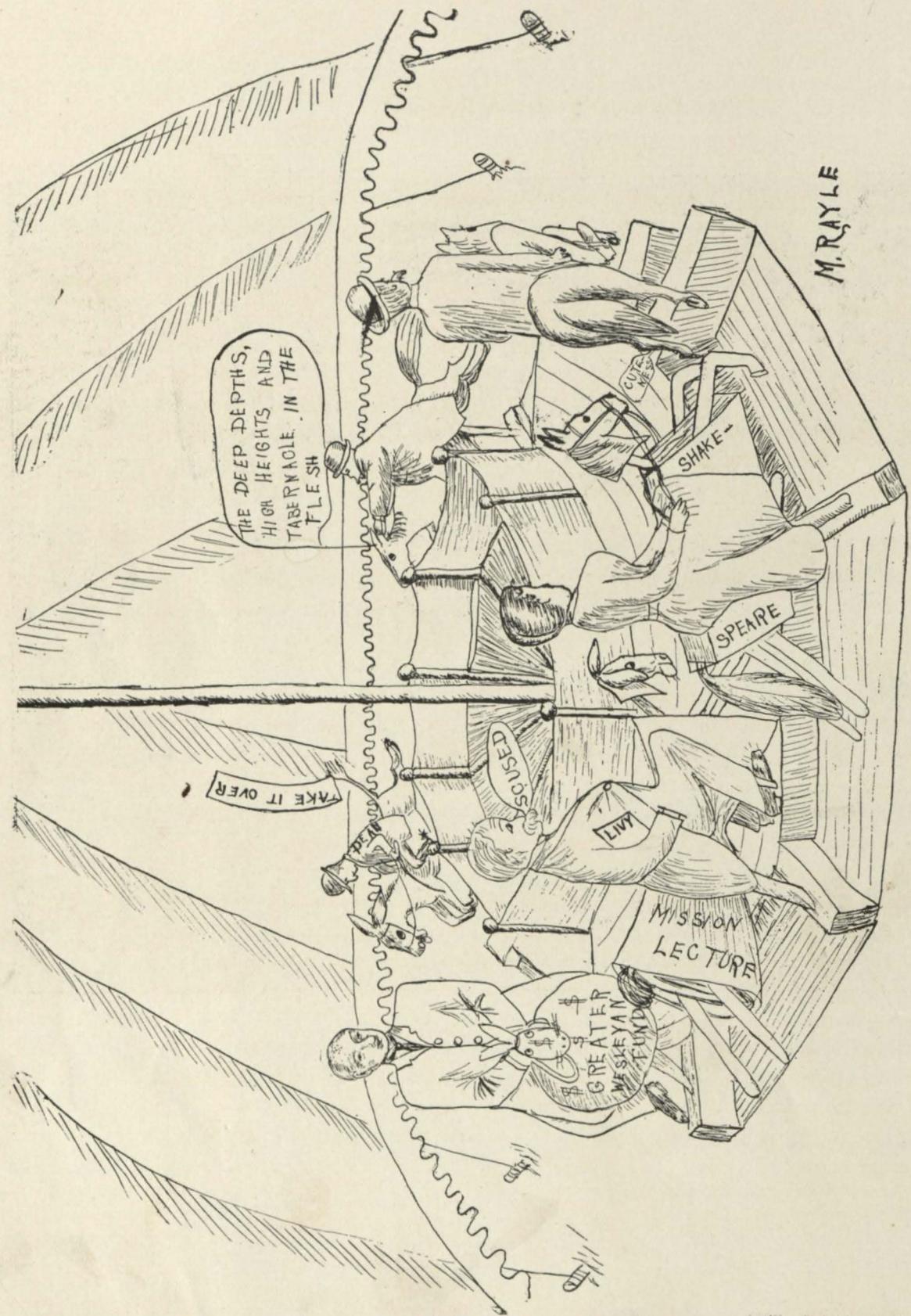
"THE CHAFING DISH FIENDS" OF THE SPECIAL CLASS.
"The stuff that dreams are made of."



"THE ROLLERS" OF THE SPECIAL CLASS.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

THE FACULTY MERRY-GO-ROUND



Some Famous Wesleyan Recipes.

DIVINITY FUDGE.

First, to make divinity fudge, a suitable day must be chosen,—namely Sunday. The matron being divinely appointed as our guardian angel, will excuse you from church, if some part of your anatomy is “on the bum.” However, a divine inspiration, as a result of a sermon preached by some being not divine will help wonderfully; hence Sunday afternoon is preferable if “you have seen your duty and done it” or in other words if you have perambulated back and forth from church.

To properly attend to the matter, work should be started several days beforehand. Remember that butter wrapped up in your T. L.’s latest note, which you happen to have in your coat pocket, gives a divine flavor to butter stolen from the table. Sugar, (known as $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$ to the wise and woolly chemistry students) is easy to slip from the dining room if you have a fresh napkin to devote to the cause. Milk is desirable but if the stern voice of duty—a la Mrs. Burks—has kept you too busy to allow for forethought in the matter, water from the Ocmulgee river with a few drops of Honey-Almond (provided your room-mate left any after her vain attempts to look pretty when Tom called) will serve the purpose.

Assembled in your room on the set Sunday afternoon with a big “Strictly Private” on the door to warn the wondering angels that privacy is desired, and with your friends crammed under the bed or in closets, work may be begun. One of Kress’ tin pans is an excellent utensil if held carefully over the gas. The girls may fuss about who has held it over the gas longest but “children will be children.” Cook the compound steadily if the teacher is not prowling around.

All the nuts (cracked with a shoe heel on the dresser) which kind fates have forced the greedy (but divine!!!) girls to leave uneaten, may be inserted in the candy as it hardens. Hastily empty the chemical mixture, when sufficiently done, into wash bowls, soap dishes and pin trays. Pound the candy frantically for three consecutive minutes, vowing assiduously that you were never so weary in all your life. Cut the half-hardened mass with the scissors, nail file,—oh, anything will do! Select four smoothly cut pieces, pack carefully in a five pound box and send to your best beau. If he doesn’t say that your divinity fudge is heavenly and that you are the essence of divinity, it won’t be your fault.

GELATINE.

On Saturday afternoon buy a ten cent package of Gelatine from Kress'. On the night of this same day, you and your T. L. must borrow all the best looking soap dishes you can find. Pour into these the gelatine slightly moistened with a sweet soap solution. Set out on roof during the night to congeal. Sleep late on Sunday morning. Get up at ten o'clock and while you are frantically dressing for church, eat pieces of the delightful mass with your shoe horn. It is best to make this delicious dish on the back side of the Annex porch as soot from heating furnaces gives the eatable an exquisite flavor.

THE PROPER WAY TO FRY SAUSAGE.

Pull the largest nabisco box you can find out of the trash basket, grease it with cold cream to give it the college flavor and sprinkle a little sachet powder over the greased pan. Hold tin box over gas jet with your curling tongs. Turn the balls of meat with your newest frat. hat pin. When the sausage is sufficiently cooked serve it to your friends on theme paper.

Anything and everything for commencement. When its your busy day just ring 383 and we will deliver the article in the shortest time possible.

Pennants, Stationery, and score cards.

Low rates and prompt service.

MACON BOOK COMPANY,
615 Cherry Street.

The Freshman's Letter.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE, MACON, GA.

October 1, 1909.

DEAR JACK:

I am mighty tired and sleepy but I just must write you about this awful thing which is making my life miserable. I know you are the only person who can tell me what in the world I must do in the matter. Perhaps I'll be dead, though, when you get this letter—I almost know I will be burned alive at that. O, Jack, just think of it! I'll never be alive to read another one of your letters, and I wanted you to tell me what to do, so bad. Please write me in a hurry anyway, maybe it all won't happen to-night.

It makes me shiver to think of meeting such a perfectly horrible death, and, when I realize it might be this very night, I nearly collapse. Let the worst come, Jack, I will not run down one of those awful fire escapes. Those are the terrible things that I want to write you about. You just ought to see them hanging in mid-air, reminding you of death a million times a day. Jack, it is killing me by degrees to have to look at them all day as well as dream of them by night. Yes, I think of them all night, for not a wink have I slept since I saw my first fire escape and not a wink will I ever dare to sleep, expecting every minute to be my last. I know there is something somewhere in the scriptures about "Be not caught sleeping when death knocks," and ever since these fire-escapes came into my life, I have been reading my Bible diligently, but to save my life I can't find it.

Jack dear, the first two nights of this awful life, each of which lasted an eternity, I stayed awake wondering if I should go down backwards or forwards on the awful things. Jack, I can not and will not go down forwards, they are simply too steep. Besides, I do not care about traveling at the rate of a mile a minute, expecting all the time to be dashed to pieces on the ground below. On the other hand, I can not and will not go down backwards, for that process is so slow that I would be burned up before I got half way down. Each way would be death and I will not go down at all.

Then too, Jack, I heard someone say that when everybody was down there they called the roll and if you hadn't come down the horrible things they would suspend you for they must have order, even at critical times, in the school. I have thought it all over and have just about decided that I had much rather be suspended from school than to be suspended high up in mid-air at twelve o'clock at night. You see how it is Jack, everywhere I turn it is worse than death. Inevitable death stares me in the face on all sides and I am perfectly miserable.

O, what if they should practice fire escaping to-night! One thing sure and certain, I'll not practice; somehow though, I feel as if the real thing will happen to-night.

Jack, I would love to get one more letter from you telling me what to do when time comes to fire-escape or rather I mean to escape fire. There is no use wishing for your letter for I am afraid I shall be ashes even when you get this letter. O, what a horrible death and to think I must calmly wait for it to happen.

Good-bye, maybe forever, dear old Jack.

Your own sister,
"LITTLE NELLE."

P. S.—I guess you had better write me as quick as you can how I am to know when they are just practicing for a fire, or when it is a fire sure enough. Please tell me if it is a disgrace to be suspended from school if you can't fire-escape. Do write quick, Jack.

"LITTLE SISTER."

Board of Editors of "The Wesleyan."

Editor-in-Chief	CORNELIA SMITH
Assistant Editor-in-Chief	SUSIE MAY GREER
Literary Editors	{ OCTAVIA BETHEA SUSIE KRONER BETTIE LOU WHITE
Local Editor	MARTHA WILKINSON
Alumnae Editor	LEE BELK
Y. W. C. A. Editor	SARAH LEE EVANS
Exchange Editor	LOIS ATKINSON
Business Managers	{ MATTIE MAY TUMLIN AGNES DUPRE

The Wesleyan

February
1910





MISSISSIPPI
1900
STAFF



"The Wesleyan" Staff Meeting.

WHY IT HAPPENED.

There will be a meeting of "The Wesleyan" staff, in the faculty room, immediately after lunch.

Cornelia Smith, editor-in-chief.

WHAT HAPPENED.

Dramatic Personæ: "The Wesleyan" staff.

Time: The day before the work for "The Wesleyan" is to be handed in.

Place: Faculty room.

Enter members of "The Wesleyan" staff.

Editor-in-chief: Girls please be quiet, you know it is time for the work for "The Wesleyan" to be handed in. I hope you have some deep, heavy, thoughtful articles for this issue. Something about Carlyle, Ruskin, Halley's Comet, Woman Suffrage, or anything except that hackneyed subject of "love." I positively hate the word. If I am an old maid I want you to understand that you drove me to it, by always thrusting silly love stories in my face when I call for articles for "The Wesleyan." I think it's awful that girls who have reached the Senior class at Wesleyan College can write nothing except vain, frivolous love stories.—Exit. (The whole staff tear their hair, gnash their teeth and raise "sighs so piteous and profound as it did seem to shatter all their bulk.")

1st Lit. Ed.: Well she's "gone and torn up my playhouse." I had the loveliest and most entrancing romance all planned out. The heroine was a dainty "pink and white" blonde and the hero was so big and strong. It was so effective where "he swept her up and crushed her."

2nd Lit. Ed.: It seems to me you would have let him crush her and have the maid come in and sweep her up.

1st Lit. Ed.: Well, you needn't laugh, I heard you say this morning that you'd love "to be swept up and crushed." I don't know what I'll do for a story. What have you written?

2nd Lit. Ed.: Oh, I never write anything. I use my room-mate's old themes. This month I have a lovely poem my sister's "steady" wrote. I stole it, guess he'll be quite conceited when he finds it has been printed.

Alumnae Ed.: I wish instead of wasting his energy writing poetry, your sister's "steady" would propose, so I could have a wedding for my Alumnae Notes. It seems to me that when it comes to getting married and doing startling things the Wesleyan Alumnae is "the slowest ever."

Local Ed.: The alumnae may be slow, but I am sure the girls here are the dullest in the world. They will not say anything cute. I go around giving them the most glorious chances to say something original but they positively refuse to utter a word. I tremble to think how many lost opportunities they will have to answer for and how many stories I have had to tell to have anything at all in my department.

Exchange Ed.: My part is the worst of all. If I read the "Exchanges" I don't have time to criticize them and every time I criticize them without reading them I hit it wrong. I always was unlucky.

Y. W. C. A. Ed.: I guess it's all my fault that I can't get enough things to fill my space, but I do try. I suppose I'll have to take "Be not weary in well doing" as my text and go "gleaning" again.

Business Manager: If I had as easy position as you I'd be positively ashamed to fuss. Anyone can write essays, poems, stories and jokes (no one ever reads them anyhow). But not everyone (in fact, no one) can get money from a college girl except by holding her up at the point of a pistol. I'd let things "slide" if I wasn't afraid all my valuables (consisting of three hundred love letters from Jack and his picture) would be seized and confiscated.

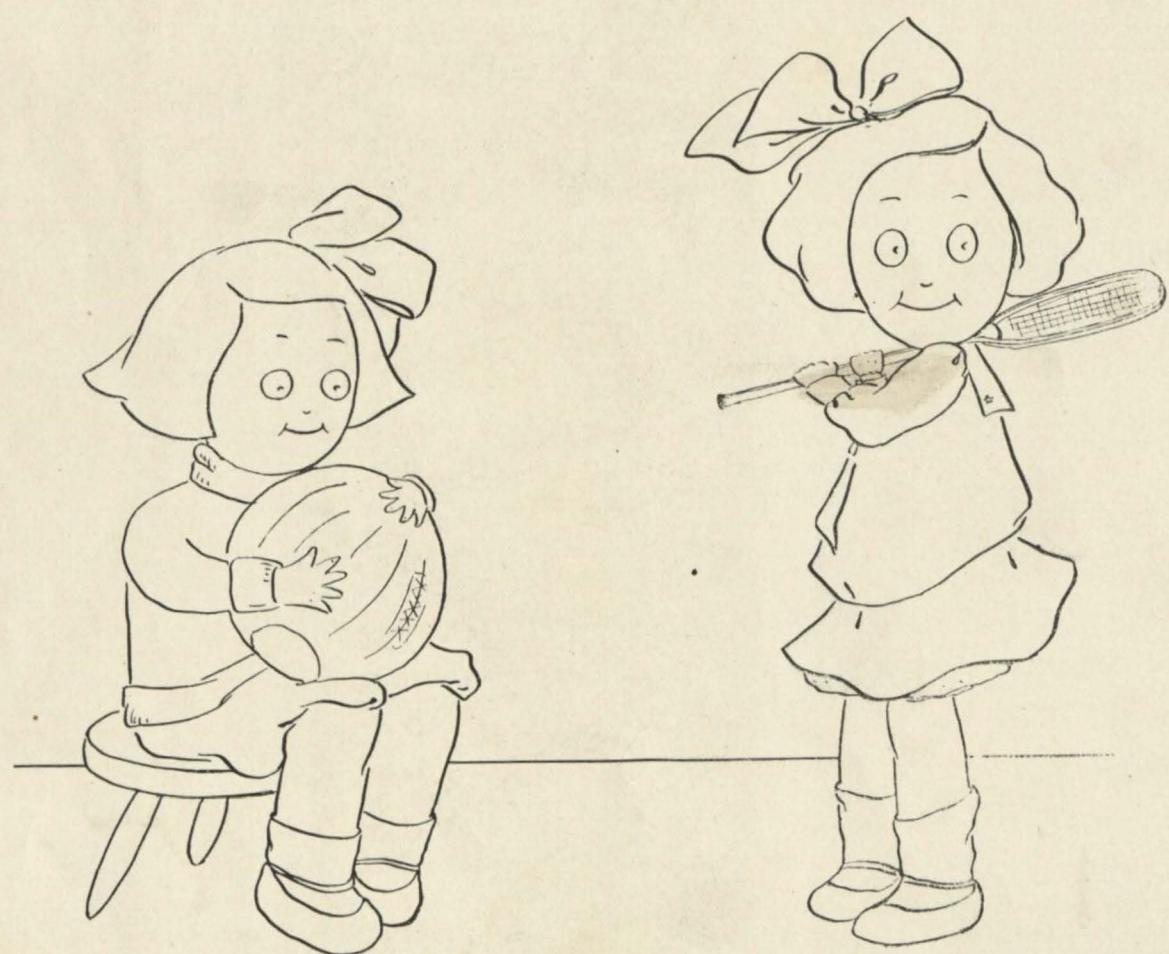
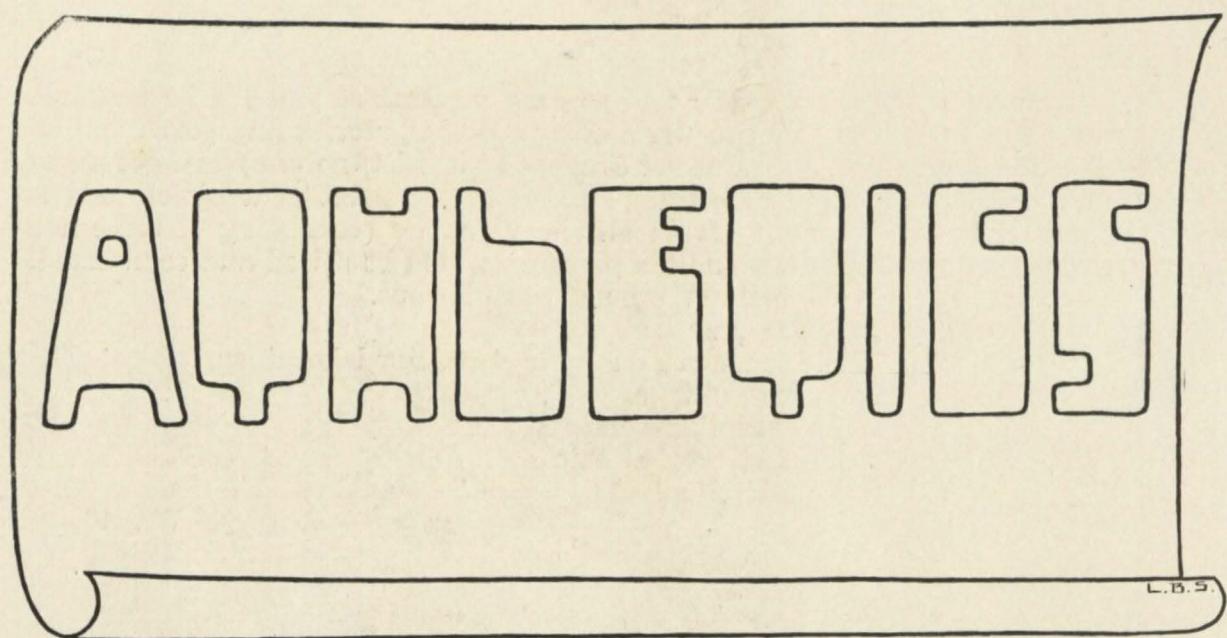
All: There's the bell! We must go to lessons.

Exeunt, all running frantically.

Local Ed.: Time to make a dash for chemistry laboratory.

"It is most true
In everything on earth,
No matter what I do
I rush from bad to worse."

M. W., '10.



Sophomore Basket-Ball Team.

ELLA BESS McMICHAEL,
Guard

ANNIE SUE BONNELL,
Center

NELLE IRWIN,
Forward

RUTH ARNOLD,
Center

VIRGINIA PEED,
Forward

(Captain)
CAMILLA PHARR,
Guard



Freshman Basket-Ball Team.



MARIE KELL,
Guard

WILLANNE GURR,
Forward

KATHLEEN MCRAE,
Center

(Captain)
EMMA MAE RAMBO,
Forward

MARION PALMER,
Center

LEO BAKER,
Guard

Special Basket-Ball Team.



MARY PHIFER, Guard

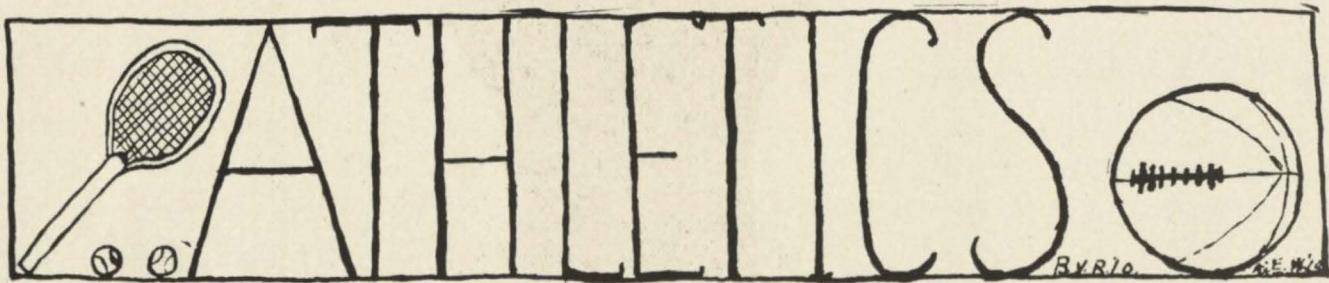
MATTIE JENNINGS, Center

WINNIE SHANKS, Forward

(Captain) WILLIE MAE BLAIR, Forward

PEARL DAVIS, Center

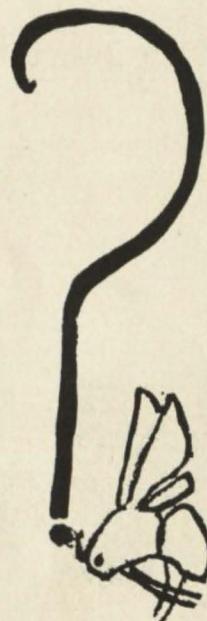
NELL WALDO, Guard



Athletics should have a very prominent place in the life of every person, particularly that of the college student whose life must of necessity be spent wearily pursuing knowledge. Realizing this, Wesleyan officials have striven to give us all that is necessary for the best of athletics. Our basket-ball and tennis courts are excellent and our gymnasium instructor, Mrs. Tyson, very efficient. With the better equipment and fresh impetus which our recently acquired endowment will bring to us, we are expecting to accomplish herculean feats in the days to come. Here's to the athletics of 1910-1911!



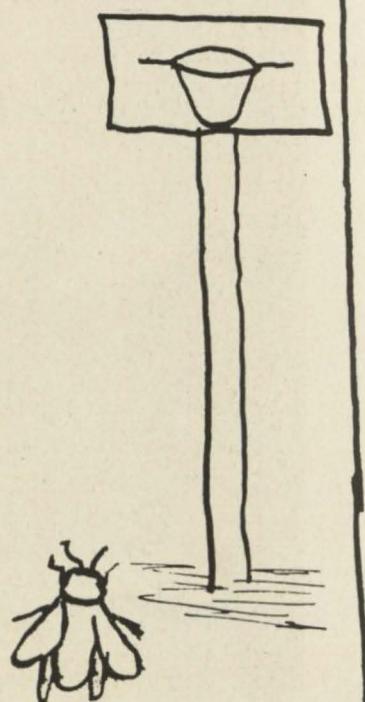
WESLEYAN'S ATHLETE.



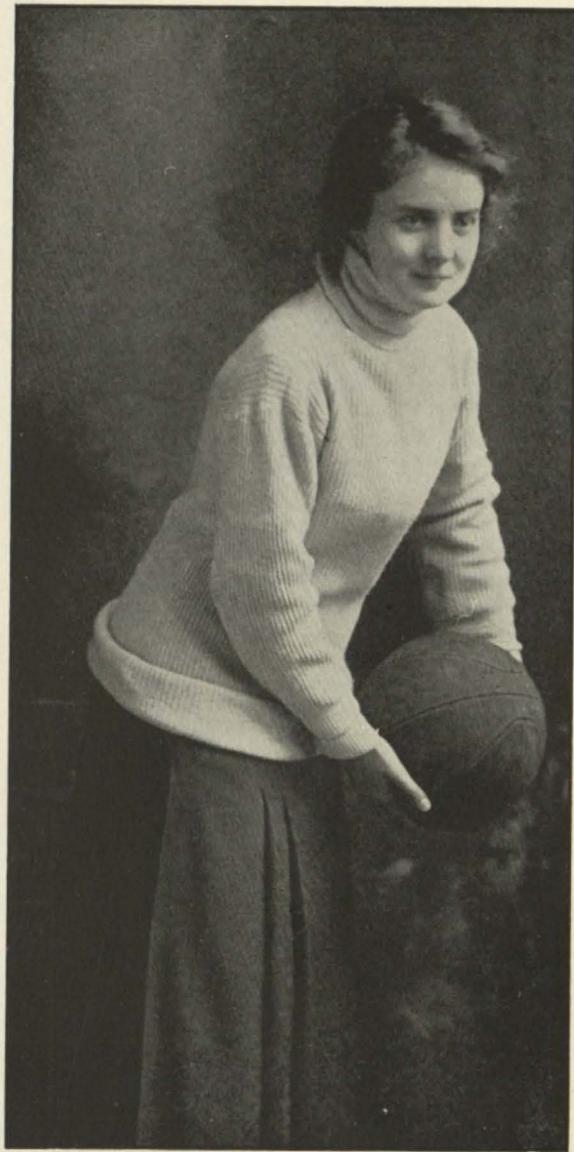
SCHEDULE.

- March 12 — Seniors vs Sophomores.
- March 12 — Juniors vs. Specials.
- March 14 — Freshmen vs. Seniors.
- March 14 — Juniors vs. Sophomores.
- March 19 — Freshmen vs. Sophomores
- March 19 — Seniors vs. Specials
- March 21 — Sophomores vs. Specials.
- March 21 — Juniors vs. Freshmen.
- March 26 — Juniors vs. Seniors.
- March 26 — Freshmen vs. Specials.

STUNG!!!



By Vote of the Student Body.



1. Wesleyan's Most Athletic Student.
BLANCHE RUCKER,
Alpharetta, Georgia.



2. Most Beautiful Student.
MARGUERITE O'CONNOR,
Atlanta, Georgia.



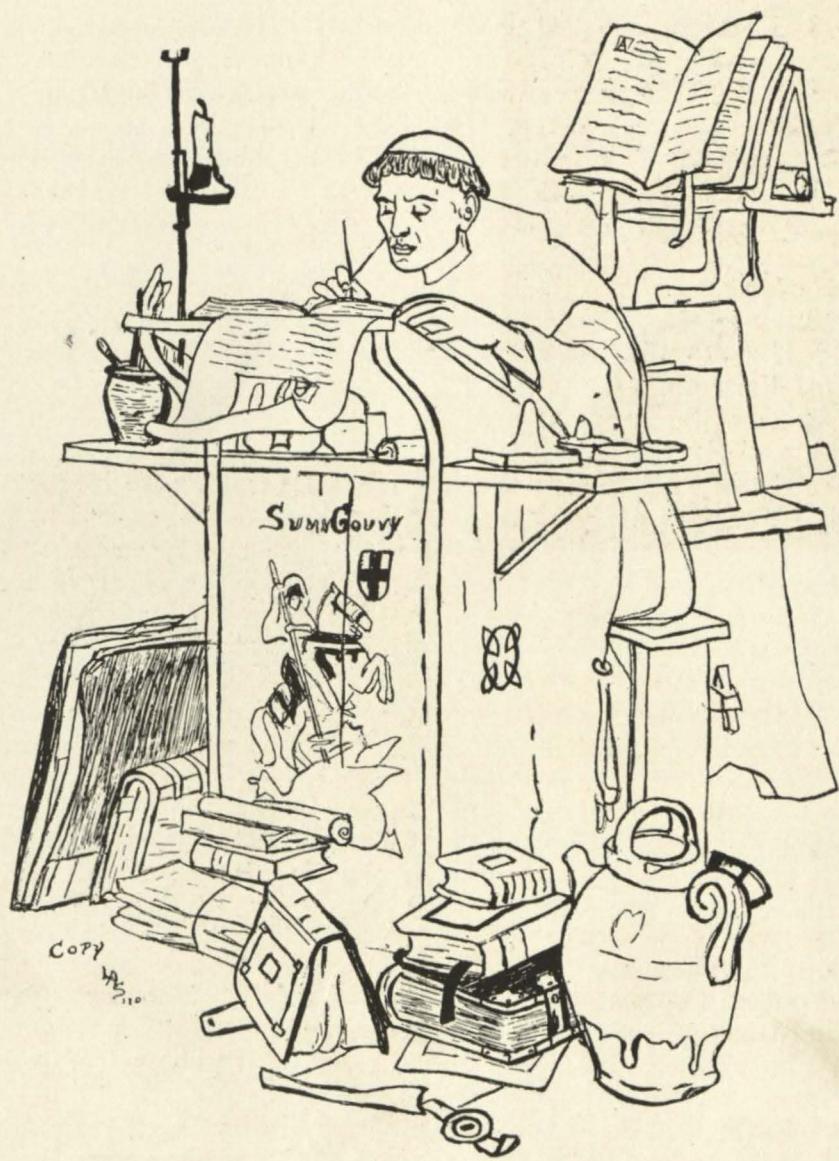
3. Most Original Student.
NELL IRWIN,
Dawson, Georgia.



4. "Cutest" Student.
WILLIE MAE BLAIR,
Marietta, Georgia.

5. Most Representative Student.
6. Most Popular Student.
BESSIE CHICHESTER COOPER,
Brookhaven, Mississippi.





Chronicle of Ye Classe Graduating in the Year of Our Lorde 1910.

When the darkness of woman's nyght was in tyme beginning to break and the lyghte of Christianity was bringing the dawn of a bryghter day of her existence, some goode and wyse men thynkith to themselves our daughters should be taught ye learning of booke. So it was that in the yeer of our Lorde 1836 the auldest college for women in the worlde was founded and called Ye Georgia Female College,—which is in these latter days known as Wesleyan College.

ANNO 70 (OF YE AULD INSTITUTION).

1. Here did this goode and noble classe of 1910, in the ninth month of the yeer A.D.1906, with great courage and hope of capturing ye rare and bryghte jewels, diplomas, arme themselves with well and stronge wrought weapons of ye warfare for knowledge,—Livey, Geometry, Historye and various other booke of letters. And with rare fortitude did they begin the conquest of ye far-famed lande in which only, this treasure was to be found. During which conquest and in which lande various new and strange experiences would be theirs.

Rumors were brought to them of many hardships to be met,—sufferings from pangs of hunger, dangers of the obscure and narrow paths of literature to be trod, and of sudden attacks from unknown enemies. They were told in the first year of the conquest, in the queere language of that lande called the Freshman, they must be fortified against attacks from the tribes of Sophomores, Seniors, and Specials.

2. Here during a truce in the last week of the month of October the brave and noble warriors of the Freshman legion were summoned to a jubilee held by their goode and true allies the Juniors. It so happened that they all went masked to their festal hall and in the midst of the revelrye a cry was raised of—the enemie!—a spie! And for a tyme so great tumult raged that the spies being heavilie masked cunninglie contrived to get away from the hall before they were founde out. They soon, however, sent fleet runners after them. They were overtaken and founde to be two of the dread Sophomores. Thynking they were unpursued had reposied themselves in a secluded spot and were feasting on their spoils,—pepper sandwiches!

3. Many small skirmishes ensued here during the following months of the winter and spryne. After the last battle in the month of May, the Freshmen having come out victorious over the Faculty were, for firm endurance and much fortitude, promoted to the higher rank, of Sophomores.

ANNO 71.

Coming out of summer quarters with recruits the troops numbering 33, now in the third week of the month of September A. D. 1907, did boldly enter upon another seige of the lande, hoping at the end of it to be raised to the rank of Juniors.

1. Here in the middle of the month of April of ye next year A. D. 1908 did much conflict take place between the tribes of the Sophomores, Seniors and Specials against ye Junior and Freshman classes. From one battle that ensued between the Sophomores and the Juniors, the former coming away victorious did proudlie bear off as a rare trophy the much valued ensign of the Juniors, whiche did cause great tumult and confusion among the routed enemy.

2. Here finally did the struggles of these different tribes come to a culmination in a fierce contest on a day, known in the queere and strange language of that lande as Classe Day. Then they did vie with each other that in clever feats one might out do another. Much singing and merrie-making did take place amoninge them. On that eventful day did the Sophomores, ye classe of 1910, in the guise of a benevolente order minyster generouslie and charitablie

to the wants and needs of their destitute enemies. To ye Juniors did they return their treasured banner, whiche they had captured, and did also give to them for their consolation the likeness of a man. For they had on one festive occasion summoned many to their merrie-making who did not come. The Sophomores did then leave the hall amid much praise for their cleverness.

3. They did now soone leave the scene of conquest to go for a tyme into home-quarters where they should get new strength and courage to begin the struggle the next year as Juniors.

ANNO 72.

1. The army though diminished by losses in the battles of the year before, did now courageously renew the conquest, with forces numbering 19, marching forward to the place where as Seniors they shoulde obtain the long sought jewels.

2. Here they did, after weeks of fighting and hardships of the warfare, come thankfully to the holyday season of ye joyous Christmas Tide. Then did the faithful Juniors summon their triel and true allies, ye Freshman Classe, to join them in ye festive merrie-making around the Christmas tree. They did go away laden with many gifts as tokens of the loyaltye of ye classe of 1910 to them.

3. Here in the second week of January in 1909 A. D. did a fierce and desperate battle ensue when ye classe of 1910 was suddenly attacked by their fiercest and most dreaded foe the Faculty on the battlefield of ye Final Examinations. With unusual valor did the classe withstand the attack and at last completely routed the enemy, bearing away from the battlefield the most sought after trophies of this peculiar warfare.—reports having inscribed upon them in letters of great beauty, to their envyed possessors, "Passed," "Passed with merit," and some had the rarely found and highlie prized "Passed with Distinction." But alas! some poor unfortunates were forced to leave the field with only "Passed with condition" fallen to their sad lot.

ANNO 73.

A new King did now in this yeer of our Lorde A. D. 1909 come to the throne. He did by demanding tribute of ye neighboring tribes seek to fortify the stronghold, ye Wesleyan College with more arms and ammunition, consisting of new booke, new buildings, and beste of all to the soldiers, a greater food supplye.

1. Here at ye Festival of Thanksgiving when all warfare for the tyme-being was ceased in that lande, the Seniors did meet in a tournament ye Junior classe. Much skill and valor was shown in ye combat at basket-ball, a feat peculiar to ye college people. At last ye Seniors, the classe of 1910, did come away victorious.

3. Here in the next yeer in the monthe of April, when all was for a tyme peaceful the Sophomores, the classe of 1912, did make ready with much ado to spreade a feaste in their banquet hall for the Senior classe. These classes did meet around their festive banquet board with much merrie-making. And did in partaking of the delicately prepared viands and in the drinkyng of toasts celebrate until a late hour. From which festive hall did ye classe of 1910 go away truer than ever to ye classe of 1912.

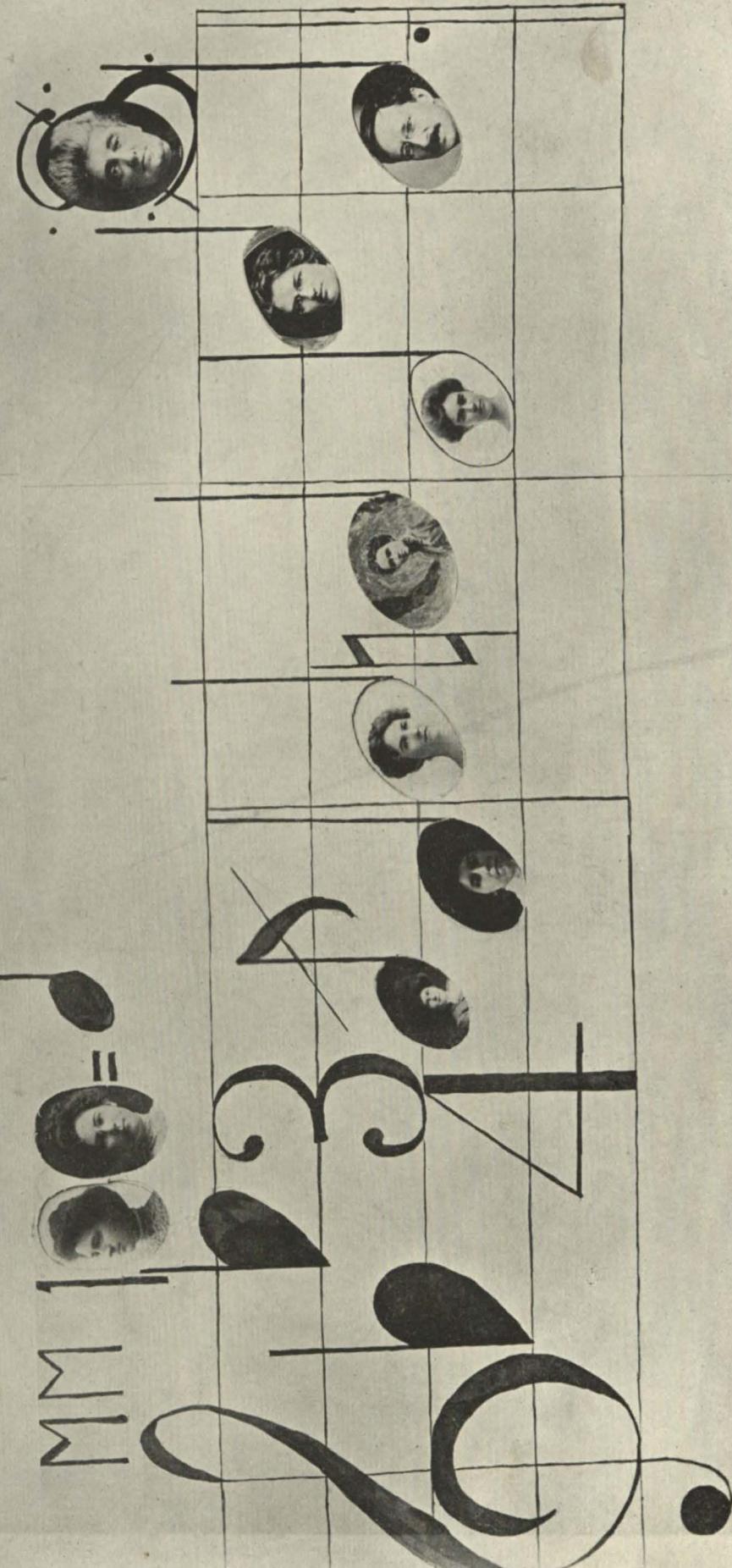
4. Here, after some desperate struggles which did ensue during the monthes of Sprynge ye classe of 1910 met in final array before the Faculty of ye auldest and ye best institution, with whom they had made conciliations and were now to be judged of, in peace, whether they should receive the hard fought-for jewel.

Here on the 30th of the month of May did the King of the lande, upon the council of his courtiers, the Faculty, extend graciously his sceptre and as each of the classe humbly touched it,—dubbed each one A.B., and gave unto them for their safe-keeping the long fought-for jewels—diplomas.



FORTISSIMO

LIEDCHEN



MUSIC FACULTY.

The Conservatory Club.

MEMBERS.

ARMSTRONG, SARAH
BROWN, CARRIE
CHAPMAN, CARRIE MAE
CHILES, ANNA RUTH
CUBBEDGE, ELISE

EVANS, SARAH LEE
GOODWYN, JULIA
GAILLARD, EMMA
GREER, SUSIE MAY
HAMILTON, HAZEL

HENDERSON, KATE
JOHNSON, NINA
KRÖNER, SUSIE
MATTHEWS, LOUISE
MAYNARD, HATTIE



Purpose:
To
drink
deeper
of
the
divine
art.

DIRECTORS,
DINGLEY BROWN, Mus. Director.
BLANCHE RUCKER, President.
EMMA GAILLARD, Vice-Pres.
BETTE LOU WHITE, Secretary.
ELEANOR SOLOMON, Treasurer.
MARY PONDER, Reporter.

MALLARY, ROSALIE
MARSHALL, MARY LEE
McMANUS, MARIE
NEWSOME, BONNIE

PARRISH, RUTH
PHILLIPS, MAUDE
PONDER, MARY
ROUNTREE, BESSIE

STAFFORD, MARTHA
STAFFORD, RUBIE
TUMLIN, MATTIE MAE
TRAMMELL, LESSIE

VERNER, MABRY
WALKER, ELOISE
WATSON, LILLIAN
WILLIS, HAZEL

Senior Basket-Ball Team.



MAUDE PHILLIPS, Center

BESSIE COOPER, Guard

(Captain) MARTHA WILKINSON, Guard

SUSIE MAE GREER, Center

OCTAVIA BETHEA, Forward

BLANCHE RUCKER, Forward

Junior Basket-Ball Team.



FLOY OLIVER, Guard

LOIS HARDY, Guard

MARY EVA MALLETTE, Center

(Captain) CELESTE DUNBAR, Forward

BETTIE LOU WHITE, Forward

NANCY CALL BRYAN, Forward

HELEN T. MATTHEWS, Substitute

Six lines I wait and still you fail to burn!
Six lines of heart-beats, they do not avail!
What shall I do when it has come my time
And then the teacher spurns this wretched rhyme?

R. T. B., '12

SHE: "Teacher says nothing ever goes to waste."
HE (as he slipped his arm about her waist): "But it does sometimes."

SHE: "She told me you told her not to tell her."
HE: "The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her."
SHE: "I promised I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you."

"Oh tell me where is fancy bred?"
She asked and getting bolder,
She placed her little darling head
And chignon on his shoulder;
And he with no more poetry in
His soul than in a Shaker's
Replied with idiotic grin,
"You'll find it at the baker's."

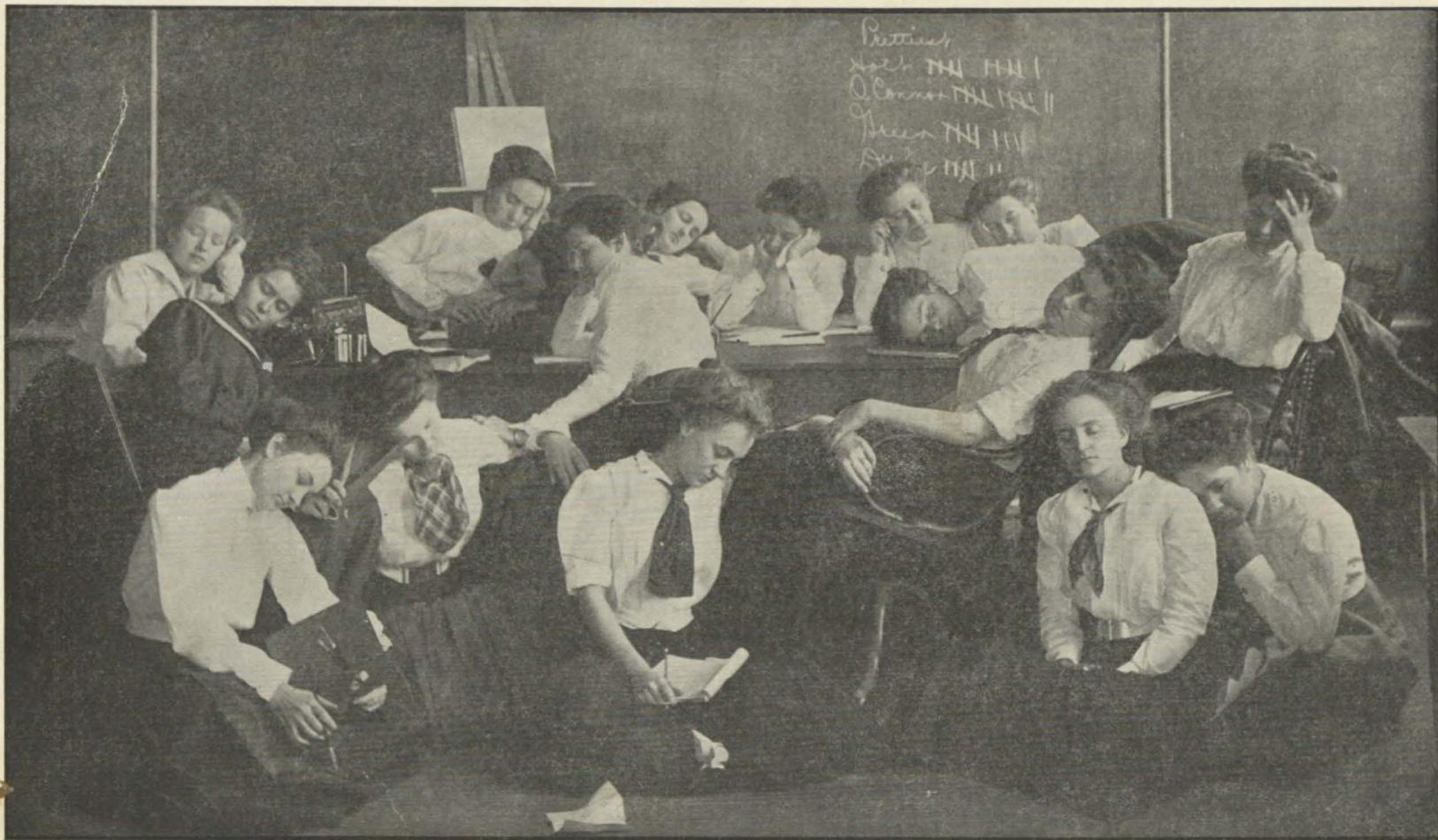
"How would you like to take part in a cantata?"
"I'd jump at the chants."

Add 3/7 of a chicken, 2/3 of a cat, and 1/2 of a goat and the result is—? *Chicago!*

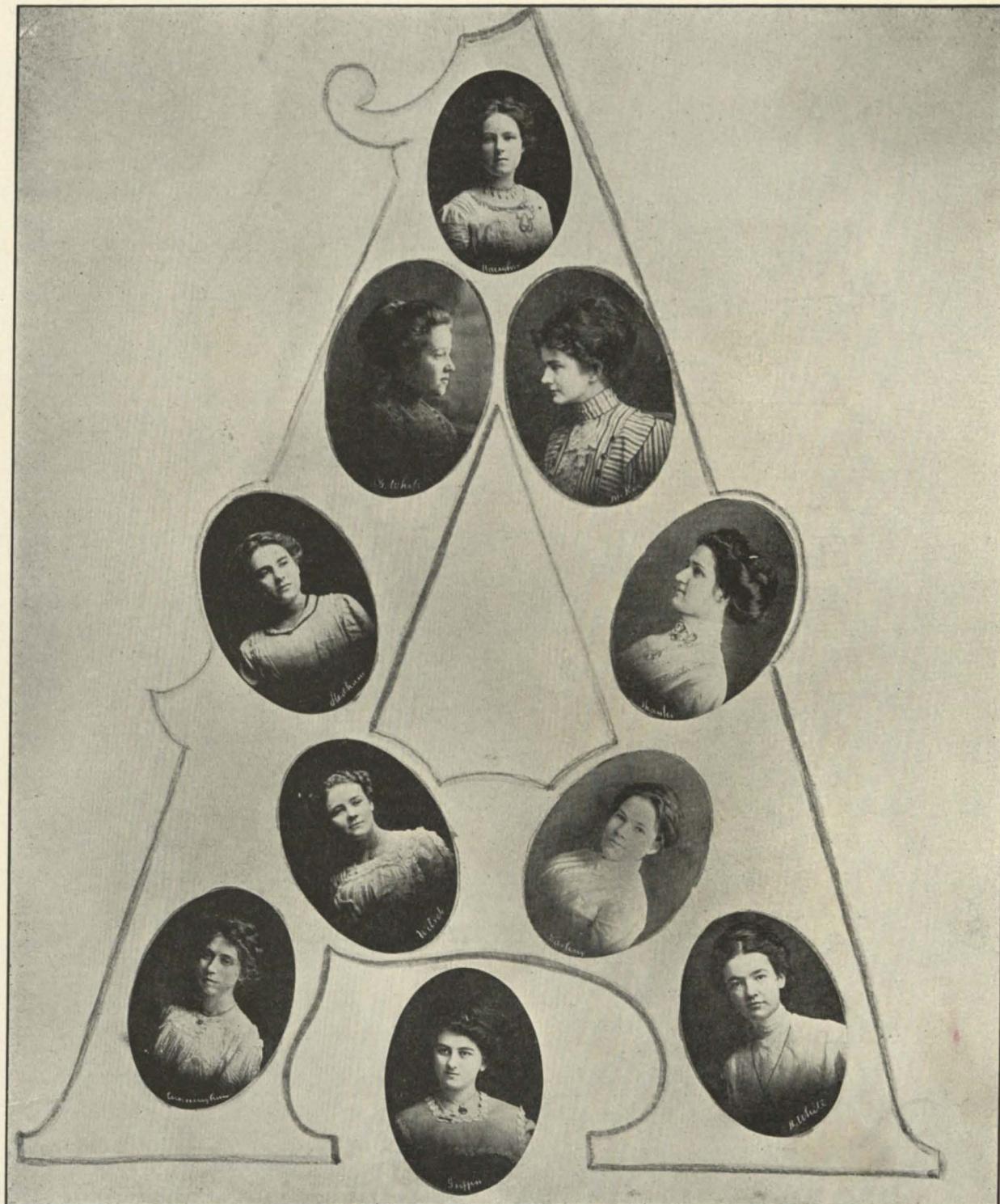
By acquiring knowledge we create opportunity.

UNCLE JOHNSON: "Missus, my health is in a most political state. It is compound specific. It is most superfluous septeranium enfrennezance to rendering de way ob speaking, mum."

Of "Chips from the Block"
We have quite a stock,
And these are just samples, you see;—
But if you don't like 'em—
Don't "preach a funeral" to me.



"SLEEP THAT KNITS UP THE RAVELED SLEEVE OF CARE."



The Alabama Club.

MEMBERS.

CUNNINGHAM, ANNE
DARLING, ETHEL
GRIFFIN, BERTA
MCRAE, KATHLEEN

WHITE, HELEN

NAUGHER, MAE BELLE
STEDHAM, OLIVE
WELCH, KEMPER
WHITE, GENEVIEVE

The Game Girl's Club.

COLORS: *Violet and White.*

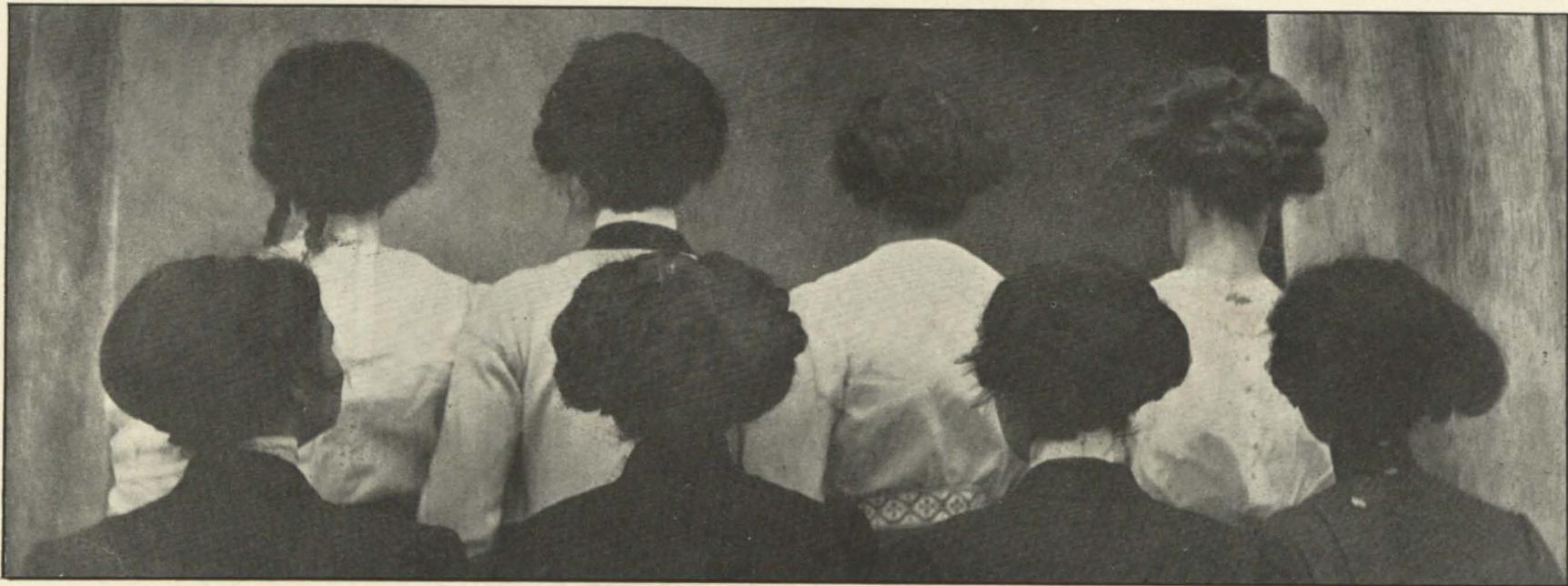
FLOWER: *Violet.*

MOTTO: *Be Game.*



MEMBERS.

CHRISTINE BRYAN	“Christopher.”
MARTHA JENNINGS	“Mose.”
KATHERINE MOORE	“K. C.”
REBA MOORE	“Charity.”
BLANCHE RUCKER	“Faith.”
WINNIE SHANKS	“Hope.”
MABRIE VERNER	“Earnest Winner.”
GENEVIEVE WHITE	{	“The little White girls.”
HELEN WHITE		



The Mystery Club.



The Katzenjammer Kids.

PLACE OF RESIDENCE: *The Katzenjammer Kastle.*

TIME OF MEETING: "Just any old time."



MEMBERS.

JOSIE JEFFORDS
BEATRICE McDONALD
IRENE McDONALD
RUTH ELLEN O'DOON
BERTHA MORRIS

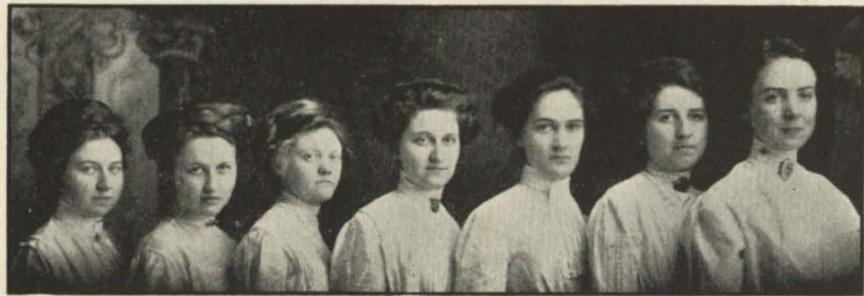
Thespian Dramatic Club.

OFFICERS.

President	KATHLEEN HARPER
Vice-President	EMMA GAILLARD
Secretary	JEWEL JACOBS
Treasurer	WINNIE SHANKS
Editor	BESSIE COOPER
Advisor	MISS GOOCH

MEMBERS.

BELL, ROSALIE	HARPER, KATHLEEN
BERRY, WILENA	HARDY, LOIS
BRYAN, BESSIE, MRS.	HICKS, CARRIE JANE
CHAMBERS, FRANCES	JACOBS, JEWEL
CLEMENTS, ALMA	JOHNSON, LAURIAN
COLE, BESSIE	McMANUS, HAZEL
COOPER, BESSIE	NAUGHER, MAE BELLE
CROSS, FLORENCE	OLIVER, FLOY
DAVIS, PEARLY	RUCKER, BLANCHE
EIDSON, WILLIE MAE	SHANKS, WINNIE
FEATHERSPOON, MARIE	SHELTON, RUTH
GAILLARD, EMMA	STAFFORD, RUBIE
GIBSON, MAE	STUBBS, BESSIE
	TRAMMELL, LOLA



Music Graduates.

HAZEL WILLIS

LILLA MAE WATSON

JULIA GOODWYN

MATTIE MAE TUMLIN

KATE HENDERSON

CARRIE MAE CHAPMAN

BLANCHE RUCKER

LESSIE TRAMMELL

MARIE McMANUS

MARY PONDER

SARAH LEE EVANS

BETTIE LOU WHITE

BONNIE NEWSOME



The Dramatic Club.



"THE ADVERTISING GIRLS"

(Some of the members of the Dramatic Club in Fancy Costume.)



A DELINEATION OF JAPANESE LIFE.

(Scene from "The Japanese Wedding.")



MISS FRANCES K. GOOCH,
Directress of Expression.



ART CLASS.
MISS ELEANOR HITCH (Painting and Drawing).



CLASS IN CHINA PAINTING.

MRS. J. C. LONG, Instructor.



MRS. J. C. LONG,
Teacher of China Painting.

NOT BY MIGHT
NOR BY POWER,
BUT BY MY
SPIRIT SAITH
THE
LORD OF HOSTS.



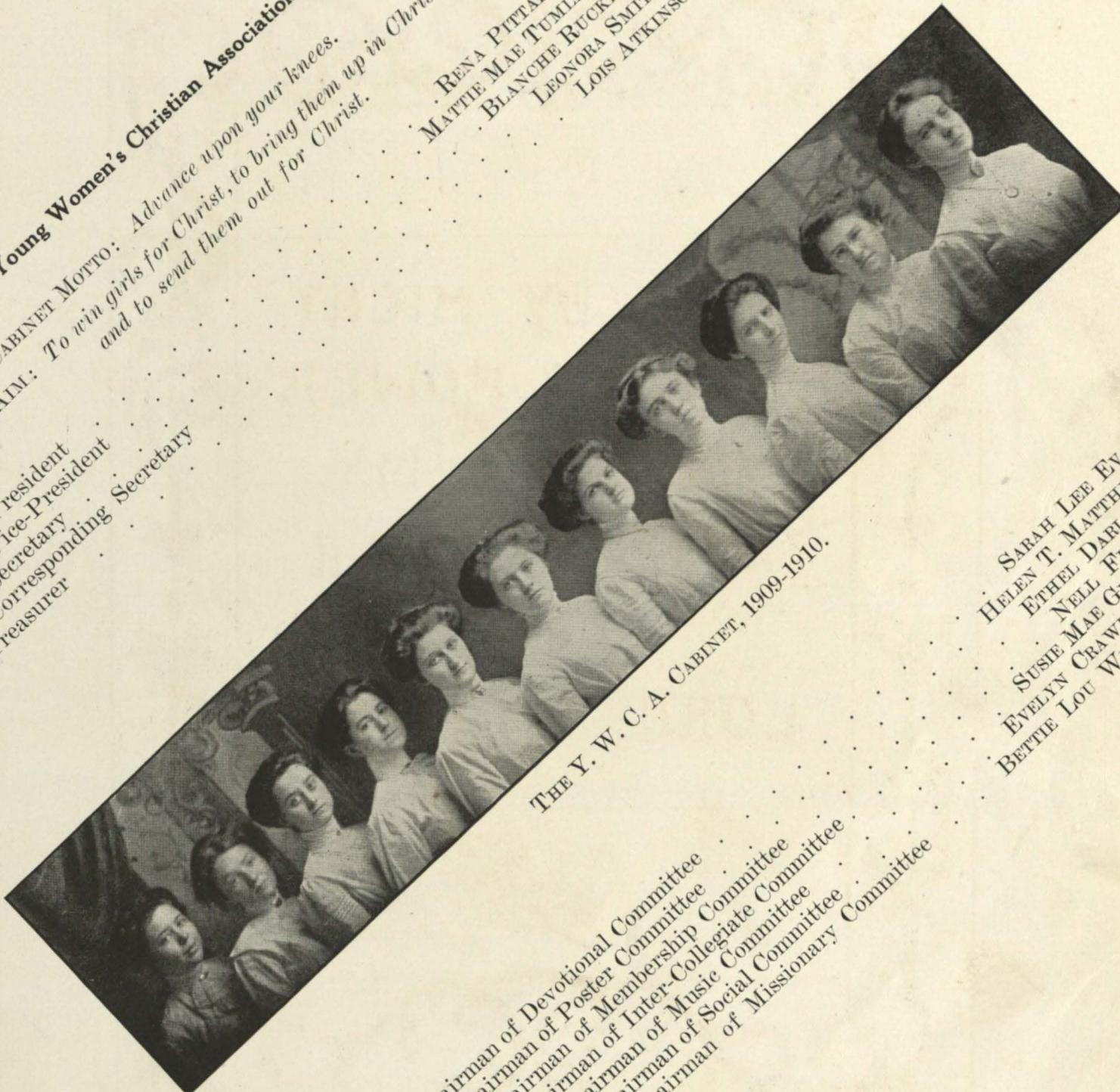
J. T. Mathews.

Young Women's Christian Association.

CABINET MORTO: Advance upon your knees.
AIM: To win girls for Christ, to bring them up in Christ,
and to send them out for Christ.

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Corresponding Secretary
Treasurer

RENA PITTA
MATTIE MAE TUMLIN
BLANCHE RUCKER
LEONORA SMITH
LOIS ATKINSON



THE Y. W. C. A. CABINET, 1909-1910.

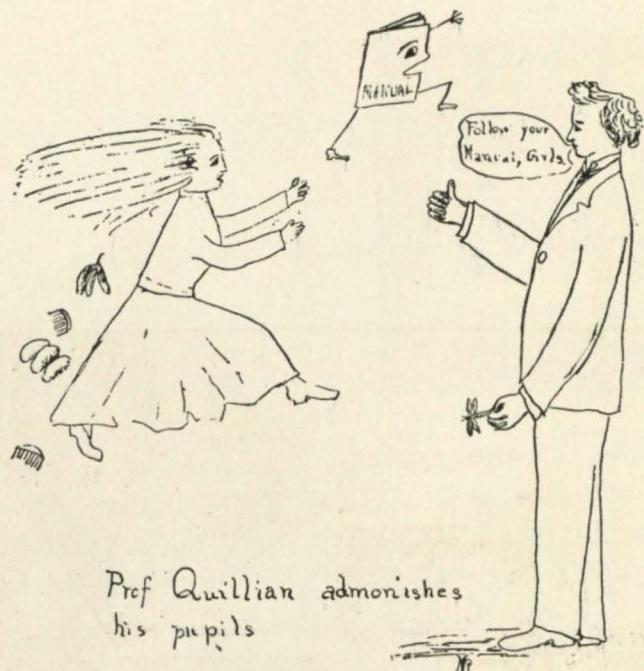
Chairman of Devotional Committee
Chairman of Poster Committee
Chairman of Membership Committee
Chairman of Inter-Collegiate Committee
Chairman of Music Committee
Chairman of Social Committee
Chairman of Missionary Committee

SARAH LEE EVANS
HELEN T. MATTHEWS
ETHEL DARLING
NELL FURR
SUSIE MAE GREER
EVELYN CRAWFORD
BETTIE LOU WHITE



A VIEW OF THE NEW \$1,500 Y. W. C. A. HALL, BUILT BY SUBSCRIPTIONS RAISED THIS YEAR.

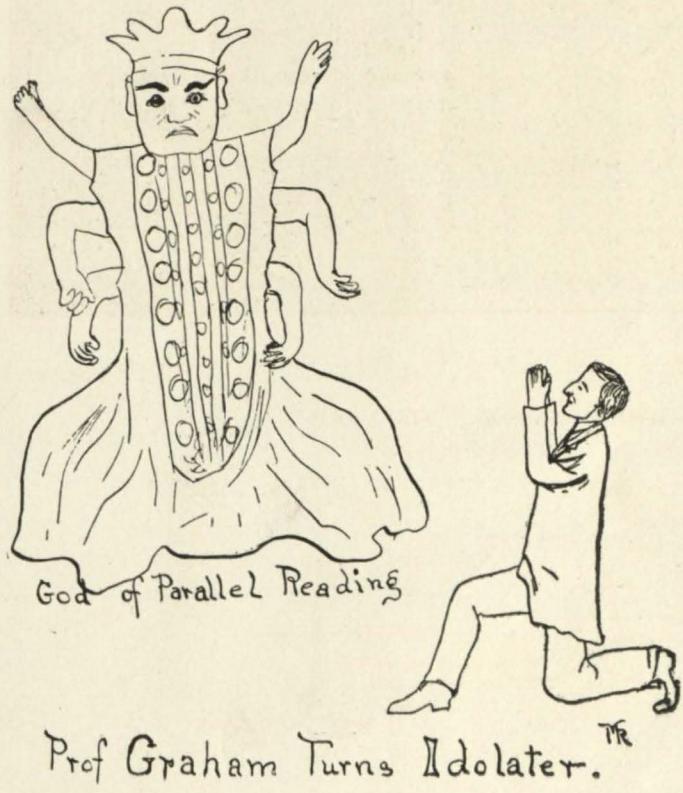
Faculty.



Prof Quillian admonishes
his pupils



Prof. Daniel, The Wise.
"Our Bachelor Professor."



Prof Graham Turns Idolater.

Greater Wesleyan Club.

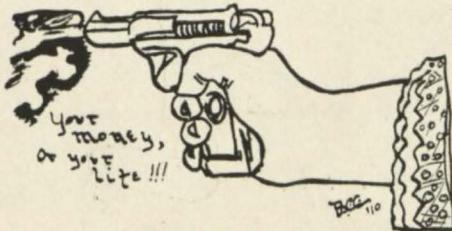


NANCY CALL BRYAN, President
BESSIE CHICHESTER COOPER,
Secretary

CELESTE DUNBAR, Vice-President
SUSIE MAE GREER, Treasurer



AIM: *The Betterment of Wesleyan Financially.*



LOCAL COLOR.

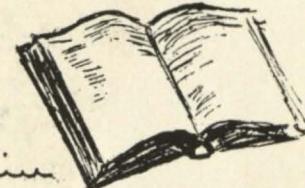
"There are more things in heaven
and earth, Horatio
Than are dreamt of in your
philosophy."



The library First Home at night.

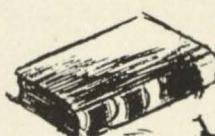
The evening prayers are done,
and one and all

With headlong speed into the
library rush



In frenzied madness to obtain
a place

Whence to study, and parblean!
The push!

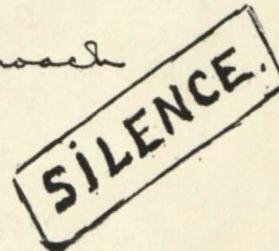


"Hi there!" "Watch out!" "my chain!"
Three earnest cries

Rise above the din of hurried
feet

And scraping chairs, while mutely
from on high

Steer "Silence" cards approach
from their retreat



"Wait you please come and sign
our books right now?"

The keeper of this noisy den
does call

In accents sad, unheeded, in the
now;

"For books sign now - or not at
all!"

And then she snarls and barks
But 'tis in vain.

No order can be had first hour
at night;

Though weary in well-doing
once again

She tries - No use - so she gives
up the fight.

"Pass on, we can no longer
bear this sight."

Though bumptious creatures they
are most too rough

And meaning on the nerves
"first hour" at night.

One glance of study hour -
We cry enough!

SILENCE

SILENCE

SILENCE



A Care

"Lady, will you walk
Lady, will you talk
Lady, will you walk and talk with me?"



On evenings bright and fair, on
Terrace green



The girls are wont to walk, their
eyes agleam

With tender thoughts, their glances,
sweet and coy.



Fixed shyly on some worthless
Wineen boy



He walks with slow and aimless
steps, his face

Upturned, wherein there might
be found the trace



Of desperate love. Behold, Oh
friends - 'A Care'!

Sunday Morning Scenes and

Monday Morning Results.

"And with one accord they all began to make excuses."
On Sunday morning, bright and
dream

The self-same tale you always
hear.

A string of fables made
O'er night

To try the patient Mrs.
White.



"My head aches, O so hard,"
says one:

And since the season's just
begun

My hat won't do. Honor Bright
It looks a hopeless bird. Mrs.
White."



In some such way is made
the list

Without sufficient grounds,
I was

But Monday morn cometh
and behold

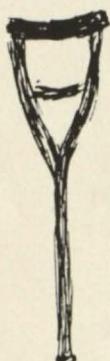
The girls who made the
Sunday roll.

Though named and nalt,
they now prepare

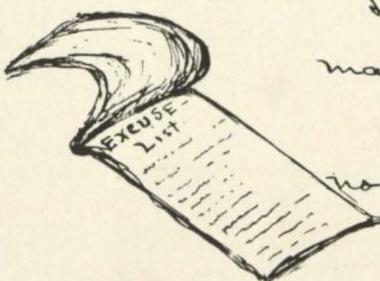
Their Sunday fun to wear.

And down the street all
hope to go

Regardless of those tales of woe.



Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these - it might
have been."



They all may cry and they
may weep.

But at Hoge's they may
not peep

Denied to them are favorite
haunts,



To them they make no
merry jaunts

The Monday drags its length
away.

A gloomy, sad and dismal
day.

They go like one that hath
been stung

And are, alas! of sence forlorn
Much sadder girls and
mean girls

They are the mowmow mowmow

Restriction

To distant parts we need not go
To find ordeals needless
But look and see the modern foe
Of every school - girl's happiness

This awful age quells the bliss
Of every midnight sport and feast
Or any stolen joy - 'tis this,
Restriction, dreadful beast!



When e'er a girl is feeling gay
And sings perchance on whistles low,
The teachers all look grieved and say,
"My dear, a lady acts not so."

" 'tis now the maid feels quite
suppressed,

And hopes the master's at an end;
Her name, some teacher, self possessed,
To the restriction list does send.

And thus restriction is the worst
Of what befalls each wicked thing.
And did we know who schemed it first
I'm sure his neck we'd vote to wring.

Of all the college life I know
This is the saddest part to me,
To think that fellow-man be low
So mean to fellow-man can be!

"Nothing so difficult as a beginning
In poetry, unless perhaps the end."

And now since we have done, with faith
we would portray

The atmosphere of Wesleyan life to-day.

Now if these lines to doggerel seemed to
tend;

Or if poetic muses aid refused to lend;

Or if we've showed that we are
amateurs;

And even won the name of hopeless boors;

Or worst of all lines simply can't be
scanned;

Or thoughts which should be gold are
worthless sand;

Or if when feet should be pentameter,

They've come forth rudely but hexameter,-

Remember those few lines ~~hexameter~~,

On which we've reason good and just
to date —

"He who expects a perfect piece to see
Expects what never was, nor is, nor e'er
shall be."



Nancy Cale Bryan '11.
Celeste Dunbar '11.

Fraternities



BURR, PATTERSON & CO.
DETROIT.



ALPHA CHAPTER OF ALPHA DELTA PHI.

Alpha Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi.

Founded as the Adepheona Society in 1851. Chartered as Alpha Delta Phi in 1904.

OPEN MOTTO: *We Live for Each Other.*

COLORS: *Blue and White.*

FLOWER: *Violet.*

CHAPTERS INSTALLED.

Alpha, 1851	Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.
Beta, 1905-1909	Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Gamma, 1905-1909	Mary Baldwin, Staunton, Va.
Delta, 1906	University of Texas, Austin, Tex.
Epsilon, 1906	Sophie Newcomb, New Orleans, La.
Zeta, 1907	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex.
Eta, 1907-1909	University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Theta, 1908	Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.
Iota, 1909	Florida State College for Women, Tallahassee, Fla.
Kappa, 1910	Judson College, Marion, Ala.
Lambda, 1910	Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Sorores in Faculte—MRS. M. M. BURKS, MISS MARGIE BURKS,
MISS PAULINE BACHMAN.

ARNOLD, RUTH	KING, MARTHA
BAKER, ELIZABETH	MALLETT, MARY EVA
BELK, LEE	MATTHEWS, HELEN T.
BETHEA, MARY	McMICHAEL, MARY EVA
BETHEA, OCTAVIA	NAPIER, GLADYS
BONNELL, ANNE SUE	RAWLINGS, MABEL
BONNELL, GLADYS	RAY, LUCILE
BRANHAM, REBECCA	ROBINSON, CLAIRE
BRYAN, NANCY CALL	SMITH, LEONORA
DICKEY, JULIA	SOLOMON, ELEANOR
DOMOUR, NETTIE LEE	SOLOMON, ELIZABETH
DRAKE, MARTHA	STEADHAM, OLIVE
ECKER, ERMA GERALDINE	SULLIVAN, NETTIE LEE
EVANS, SARAH LEE	THOMAS, MARION
GAY, MARION	TURNER, LURIDE
HENDRY, IDA BELLE	WALDO, NELL
HICKS, CARRIE JANE	WALKER, ELOISE
HOLT, THENA	WATSON, LILLA MAY
HOWARD, MARTHA	WHITE, BETTIE LOU
JOHNSON, LAURIAN	WILSON, KATHERINE
	WRIGHT, LOIS

ΦΜ

ΜΦ



ALPHA CHAPTER OF PHI MU.

Alpha Chapter of Phi Mu.

Founded as the Philomathean Literary Society, March 4, 1852.
Chartered as Phi Mu, August 23, 1904.

COLORS: *Rose and White.*

FLOWER: *Rose Carnation.*

CHAPTERS INSTALLED.

Alpha, 1852	Wesleyan, Macon, Ga.
Beta, 1904	Hollins, Hollins, Va.
Gamma, 1906-1909	Winston-Salem, Va.
Delta, 1906	Newcomb College, Tulane Uni., N. O., La.
Epsilon, 1906	St. Marys, Raleigh, N. C.
Zeta, 1907	Chevy Chase, Chevy Chase, Md.
Eta, 1907	Hardin College, Mexico, Mo.
Theta, 1907	Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
Kappa, 1908	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Xi-Kappa, 1908	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex.

CHAPTER ROLL.

ADAMS, CORNELIA	JAMESON, CHRISTINE
ADAMS, MARIE	JELKS, ANNIE PAINE
ARNOLD, LUCILE	LEWIS, JELKSIE
BERRY, WILLENA	MALLARY, ROSALIE
BENTON, LUCY	MANARD, REBA
BICKNER, GERTRUDE	MATTHEWS, LOUISE
BLAIR, WILLIE MAE	O'BERRY, RUTH
BRYAN, CHRISTINE	O'CONNOR, MARGUERITE
CARNES, KATHERINE	ORR, WILMA
CATER, LIZA	OUSLEY, GLADYS
COLEMAN, RUTH	PARKER, CLARA
COGGINS, FANNIE CADE	PATTILLO, RUTH
CUNNINGHAM, ANN	PLANT, MARTHA
DAVENPORT, CLARA BELLE	PONDER, MARY
DAVIS, PEARL	POWELL, FLORENCE
DORSEY, ANN B.	SLOAN, WILLIE MAE
DUNBAR, CELESTE	STALLINGS, RUTH
GOODWYN, JULIA	SUDER, VIVIAN
GORDY, EUNICE	WILLIAMS, KATHERINE
HARRIS, MARGARET	WILLIAMS, RUTH
HARVEY, LUDIE	WRIGHT, ESTELLE

A K Ψ

ARMY



DELTA CHAPTER OF ALPHA KAPPA PSI.

Delta Chapter of Alpha Kappa Psi.

Founded at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

COLORS: *Blue and White.*

FLOWER: *White Carnation.*

CHAPTERS INSTALLED.

Alpha	St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C.
Beta	Stuart Hall, Staunton, Va.
Gamma	Bishop Knight Cathedral School, Havana, Cuba.
Delta	Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.
Eta	Florida Female College, Tallahassee, Fla.
Tau	Fairmont School, Monteagle, Tenn.

CHAPTER ROLL.

CHILDS, ANNE RUTH	RAMBO, EMMA MAY
COLEMAN, AGNES	RAMBO, REGINA
COOPER, BESSIE	RENDER, LENA
HARDY, ANNE LOU	RENDER, MARY
HARDY, LOIS	STAFFORD, MARTHA
LAMBDIN, BEATRICE	STAFFORD, RUBY
NAUGHER, MAYBELLE	STUBBS, HATTIE
OLIVER, FLOY	THOMPSON, EILEEN
PHARR, CAMILLA	THOMPSON, SALLIE FRANK
POER, ALLEEN	WELCH, KEMPER
	WILKINSON, MARTHA

Concerning Love.

"Love is the psychological phenomena evidenced by the erratic movements of juveniles on certain starlight evenings."

FOOTBALL COURTSHIP.

Autumn maiden—full of fun!
Football played—chapter one.
Maiden waves a flag of blue
From the grandstand—chapter two.
Football played turns to see;
Down he tumbles—chapter three.
Lost some scalp and, what is more,
Lost his heart. That's chapter four.
And he says as surgeons mend,
"I've won my goal." And that's the end.
Except there'll be a wedding soon
And then a happy honeymoon.

A GEOGRAPHICAL LOVE SONG.

"In the state of Mass. there lived a lass
I love to go N. C.
No other Miss. can e'er I Wis.
Be half so dear to Me.
R. I. is blue and her cheeks the hue
Of shells where waters swash;
On her white phiz there Nev. Ariz.
The least complexion Wash.
La.! Could I win the heart of Minn.,
I'd ask for nothing Mo.:
But I only dream upon the theme,
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.
Why is it, pray, I can't Ala.
This love that makes me Ill.?
N. Y., O., Wy., Kan., New. Ver. I
Propose to her my will?
I shun the task 'twould be to ask
This gentle maid to wed.
And so, to press my suit, I guess
Alaska Pa. instead."
Yes ? ! *

SPASM I.

I'm an inmate of the "Dippy House,"
My brain is on the brink,
The rats are in my belfry, and I can no longer think.
My memory is defective, and my judgment is unsound,
And up inside my cranium
The wheels are going 'round.

I have visions and delusions and hallucinations too,
I am just so awful crazy that I don't know what to do.
I know there are cobwebs on my brain;
My mind is rather dense
But I still admire a pretty girl
Just like I had good sense.

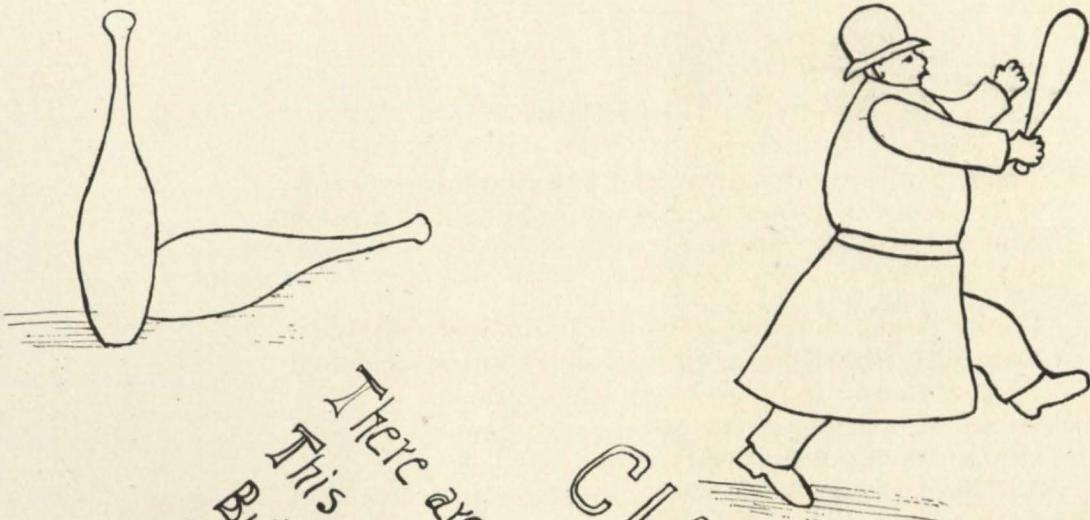
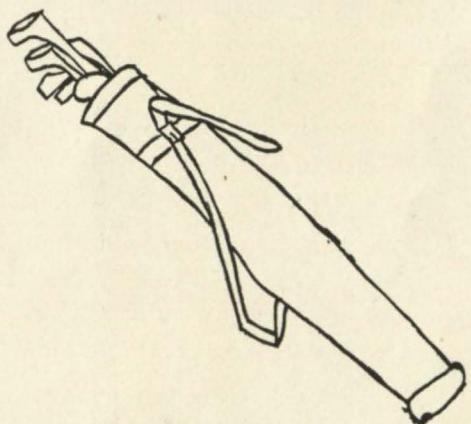
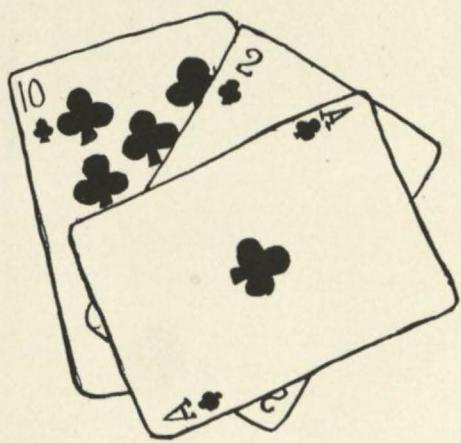
SPASM II.

I used to be a lunatic whose brain was all pell-mell;
I used to wear straight jackets, locked up in a padded cell;
They said I was a pervert and a pa.

A homicidal, suicidal, mono-maniac.
But—I really must confess it, (it is sad, but it is true)
I'm still crazy about someone, and that someone, dear, is you.

CLUBS.

There are many different kinds of clubs,
This you surely know.
But we have a few new specimens
That we would like to show.



MEW'in



Les McFadden Frénee.

CHAPTERS.

Alpha Wesleyan

Beta Emory

COLORS: *Rouge and (A)maze!* FLOWER: "*Ion*" Flower.

SECRET MOTTO: *Never to be written nor spoken.*

NATIONAL "HIM": "*Turkey in the Swim.*"

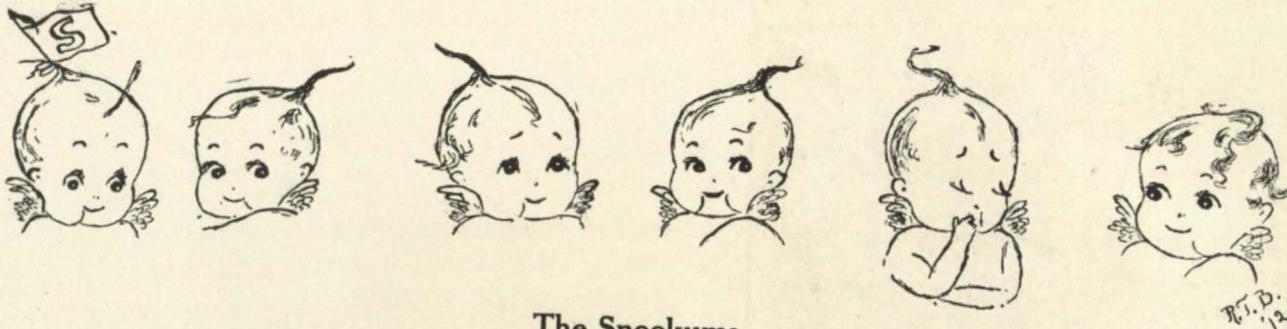
LA GRIPPE:

CHAPTER ROLL IN COLLEGIO.

Alexander, the Toothless, "El."	...	E. G. ECKER
Jackson, the Tenderhearted, "Jack"	...	E. L. BELK
Adam, the House Cat, "Ad."	...	N. C. BRYAN
Samuel, the Heart Slayer, "Sam"	...	T. L. HOLT
Abraham, the Fearless, "Bub"	...	R. C. RAWLINGS
Tobias, the Poke, "Granny"	...	M. GAY

IN URBE.

Thomas, the Affected, "Tom" M. F. DRAKE



The Snookums.



OCTAVIA BETHEA
"Happy"



BESSIE COOPER
"Cute Child"



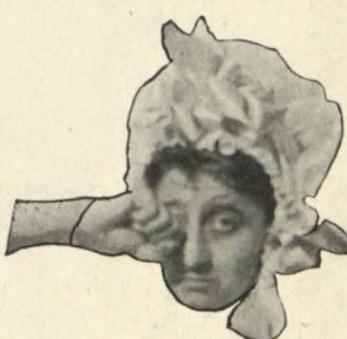
LEE BELK
"Dimples"



LEONORA SMITH
"Baby"



SARAH LEE EVANS
"Yawning Cherub"



MARTHA WILKERSON
"Cry-baby"

Senior Inter-Frat.

COLOR: *Baby blue.*

FLOWER:

MOTTO: *"Make me a child again just for
to-night."*

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I. This organization shall be called
"Snookums."

ART. II. It shall have for its object the
dispersion of Senior trials and tribula-
tions, the renewal of youth, and the
elimination of all unpleasant feelings
arising from rival organizations.

ART. III. This organization shall be
handed down to chosen members of the
succeeding Senior classes, the number
of the club not exceeding ten.

ART. IV. The meetings are to be purely
social, and held "when the spirit moves
us."

The X. Y. Z.'s.



(Freshman Club.)

COLOR: *Yellow.*

FLOWER: *Zahlia.*

MOTTO: *We'll do as we please.*

MEMBERS.

CRAWFORD, EVELYN
CUNNINGHAM, ANNE
GODFREY, FRANCES
GORDY, EUNICE

KELL, MARIE
HARDY, ANNIE LOU
OUSLEY, GLADYS
RAMBO, EMMA MAE
STUBBS, HATTIE

The Peary-Cook Club.

MOTTO:

Keep Cool.

COLORS:

*Red, White
and Blue.*

OBJECT:

*The North
Pole for
America
and
Wesleyan's
Glory.*

FLOWER:

Freshia.

MASCOT:

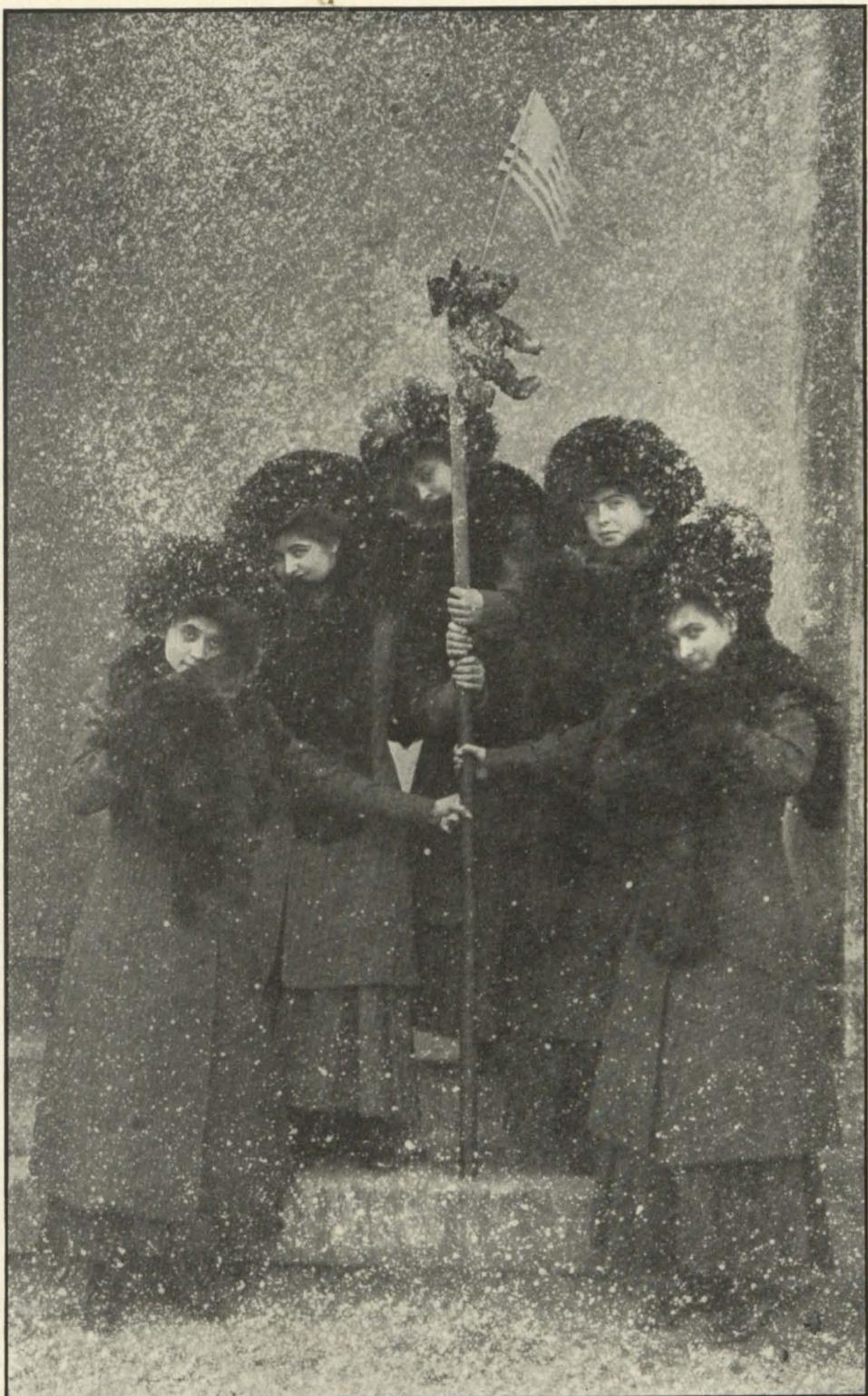
*The Teddy
Bear.*

CHIEF HOPE
IN LIFE:

*Reaching
the North
Pole.*

FAVORITE

EATABLE:
Ice Cream.



MEMBERS.

GERALDINE ECKER
EUNICE GORDY

NETTIE LEE SULLIVAN

ELLA BESS McMICHEAL
MABEL RAWLINGS

The Susie Dams.

(With apologies to "The Lady of the Decoration.")



(Senior "Glee" Club.)

BESSIE COOPER
AGNES DUPRE

SUSIE KRONER
MARTHA WILKINSON

MOTTO:
$$\begin{cases} 1 ? ? ? ? \\ 2 ! ! ! \end{cases}$$

COLORS: "Pale pink eyes and blue hair."

FLOWER: *Jimsen weed*.

Place of Meeting: "Last night."

Time of Meeting: "The cold gray dawn of the morning after."

Favorite Song: "Oh, what a difference in the morning."

Favorite Occupation: "Sportin' 'em."

Favorite article of dress: "Quips and cranks and wreathed
smiles."

Favorite beverage: "Moussiline Tea."

Favorite eatable: "Red stick candy."

Favorite book: "Giggles from Life." (Never to be published.)

"SUSIE DAMS WHAT AINT BUT IS TO BE."

RUTH DIX, '12

CAMILLA PHARR, '12

ANNE SUE BONNELL, '12

ALLEEN POER, '12



Bird Dog.

COURT-OF-ARMS
OF
FOURTH FLOOR FAMILY.

Fourth Floor Family.

F. F. F. (for short).

MOTTO: *Thou shalt not be found out.*

FLOWER: *Poinsettia (Point-setter).*



MEMBERS.

LUCY BENTON (Lucy Bent).

CLARA BELLE DAVENPORT (C. B. D.)

HATTIE MAY MAYNARD (Sat.).

ANNIE LAURIE MAYNARD (Little Annie).

GERTRUDE COTTER (Kissing-bug).

RUTH DIX (jes' Ruth).

CAMILLA PHARR (Camille).

MARY LOU NEWTON (Pretty Eyes).

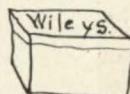
NELLE IRWIN (Insect).

MARY PONDER (Pill).

Les Songleurs des Coeurs.

Flower: "Tulips."

Color: True(?) blue.

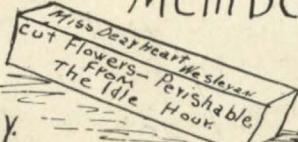
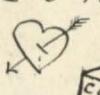


Lucy Benton.

Willie Mae Blair.

Bessie Cooper.

Eunice Gordy.



Motto

Jamais honteux n'eut belle aime.

Members



Beatrice Lambdin

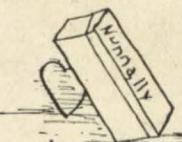
Ruby Stafford.

Sallie Frank Thompson.

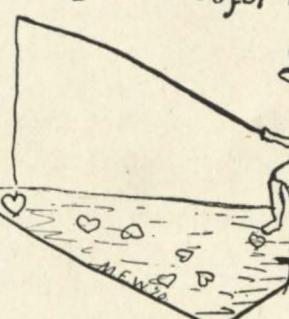
Martha Wilkinson.



Constitution



In consideration of the fact that there are many at Wesleyan who have no proper conception of the delicate art of flirting, and hence will be hampered by this discrepancy in their future intercourse with the "stronger sex," we have organized ourselves into a club to be known as "Les Songleurs des Coeurs." It shall be the duty of each member to train the young and inexperienced in the artistic handling of words and manners, all essential elements of successful conquests.



The Weepers.



ORGANIZED—On arrival at Wesleyan, September, '09.

MOTTO: *"Weep and the crowd weeps with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone."*

Song of the "Weepers:" "Oh, I wish I was in Oxford, Georgia."
Song of the "Pacifier:" "Oh, dry those tears!"

MEMBERS.

ANNE SUE BONNELL	JULIA DICKEY
REBECCA BRANHAM	FRANCES GODFREY
ANNE CUNNINGHAM	VIRGINIA PEED
LEONORA SMITH	

The Georgia Club.

COLORS: *Red and Black.* FLOWER: *American Beauty Rose.*

YELL: "*Zip Boom! Georgia!*"

SONG: "*Glory, Glory to Old Georgia.*"

Pet Aversion: Defeat of the Georgia Teams.



MEMBERS.

EILEEN THOMPSON

WILLIE MAE BLAIR

PEARL DAVIS

ANNE CUNNINGHAM

FLORENCE POWELL

CLARA PARKER

ANNIE B. DORSEY

EUNICE GORDY

NELL WALDO

ELLA BESS McMICHAEL

MRS. HUGDINS

Tabbi-lues.



"Bin founded ever since me and Wilkes Booth Linel bin born."

SYMBOL: Black cat.

MOTTO: *Don't let your studies interfere with your college course.*

MEMBERS.

"Teasing"	DICKEY, '12
"A-cute"	PHARR, '12
"Band-boxy"	ARNOLD, '12
"Bashful"	M. BETHEA, '12
"Indifferent"	BRANHAM, '12
"Lucky"	BONNELL, '12
"Uncertain"	DIX, '12
"Earnest"	POER, '12
"Sporty"	IRWIN, '12

D. D. D.'s.

MOTTO: *Dare.*



COLOR: "Dark Brown."

FLOWER: *Dandelion.*

Place of meeting: Dormitory.

Time of meeting: Daybreak.

MEMBERS.

ANNE CUNNINGHAM
FLOY OLIVER
LUCILE ARNOLD
ANNIE LOU HARDY

LOIS HARDY
EUNICE GORDY
WILLIE MAE BLAIR
MARTHA WILKINSON

ALUMNAE.

PAULINE CORLEY
ISABEL NUNNALLY

CARRIE STUBBS
MRS. CAROLINE ASHLEY, nee HARMON

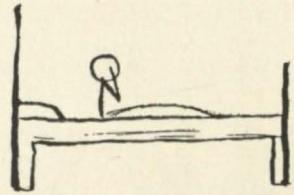
VES
PARKER



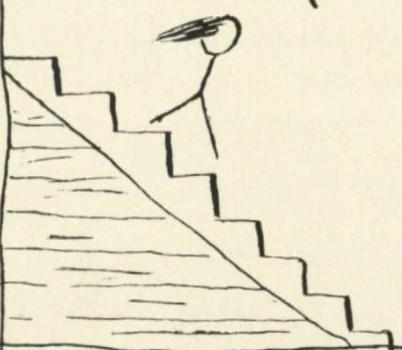
VIVIAN
LEE

NON

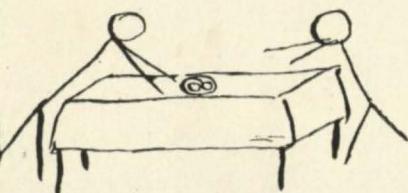
LAST CALL FOR
BREAKFAST



TO BREAKFAST



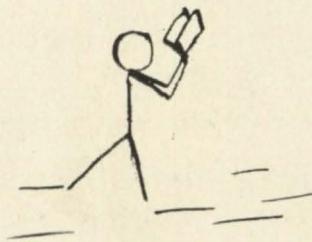
THE Morning
REPAST



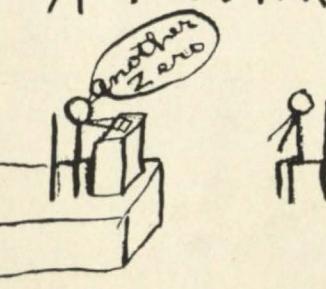
MAIL CALL



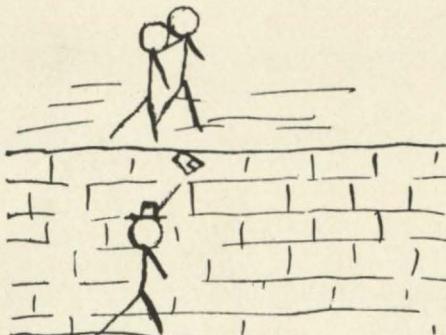
8 o'clock BELL



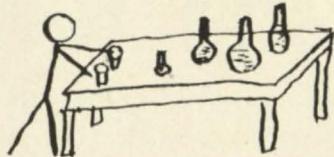
A FLUNK



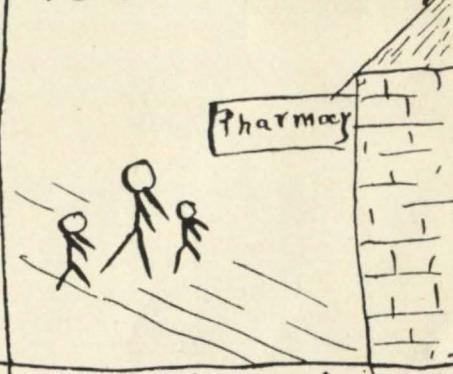
IN THE MEAN TIME



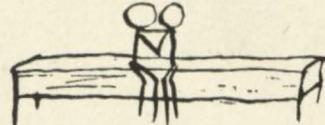
L A b.



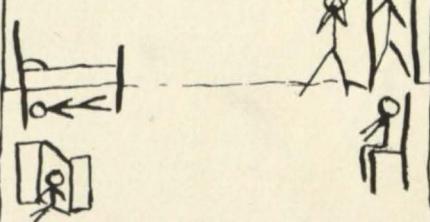
TO THE PHARMACY



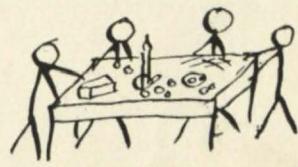
T. L. ing



A NARROW
ESCAPE

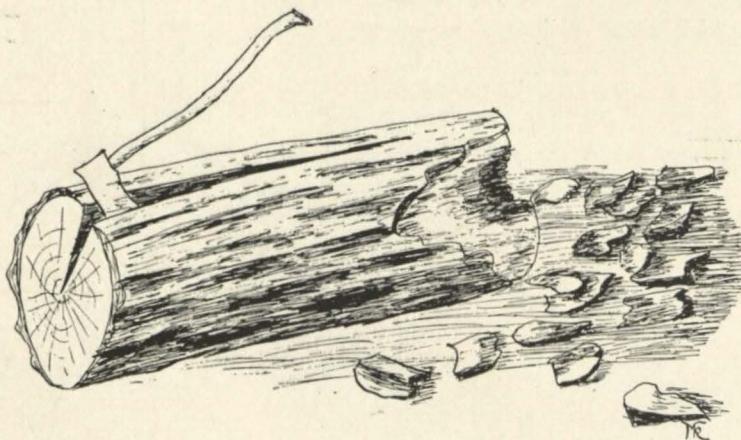


A MIDNIGHT
FEAST.



R. Brauhauer
'12.

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EXCHANGES AND ORIGINALS.

MEMBER OF MERCER GLEE CLUB: "Yes, I sing baritone."
FLOY: "Yes, I noticed you sing 'bare of tone.'"

LOIS: "I'm always so nervous I kno wif I started to get married something terrible would happen."

MARTHA: "I bet you'd be so excited you'd get run over by your own train."

LITTLE FRESHMAN: "Ruth, won't you please be president of the Freshman class?"

RUTH: "Thank you so much, my dear, but the Sophomores asked me first."

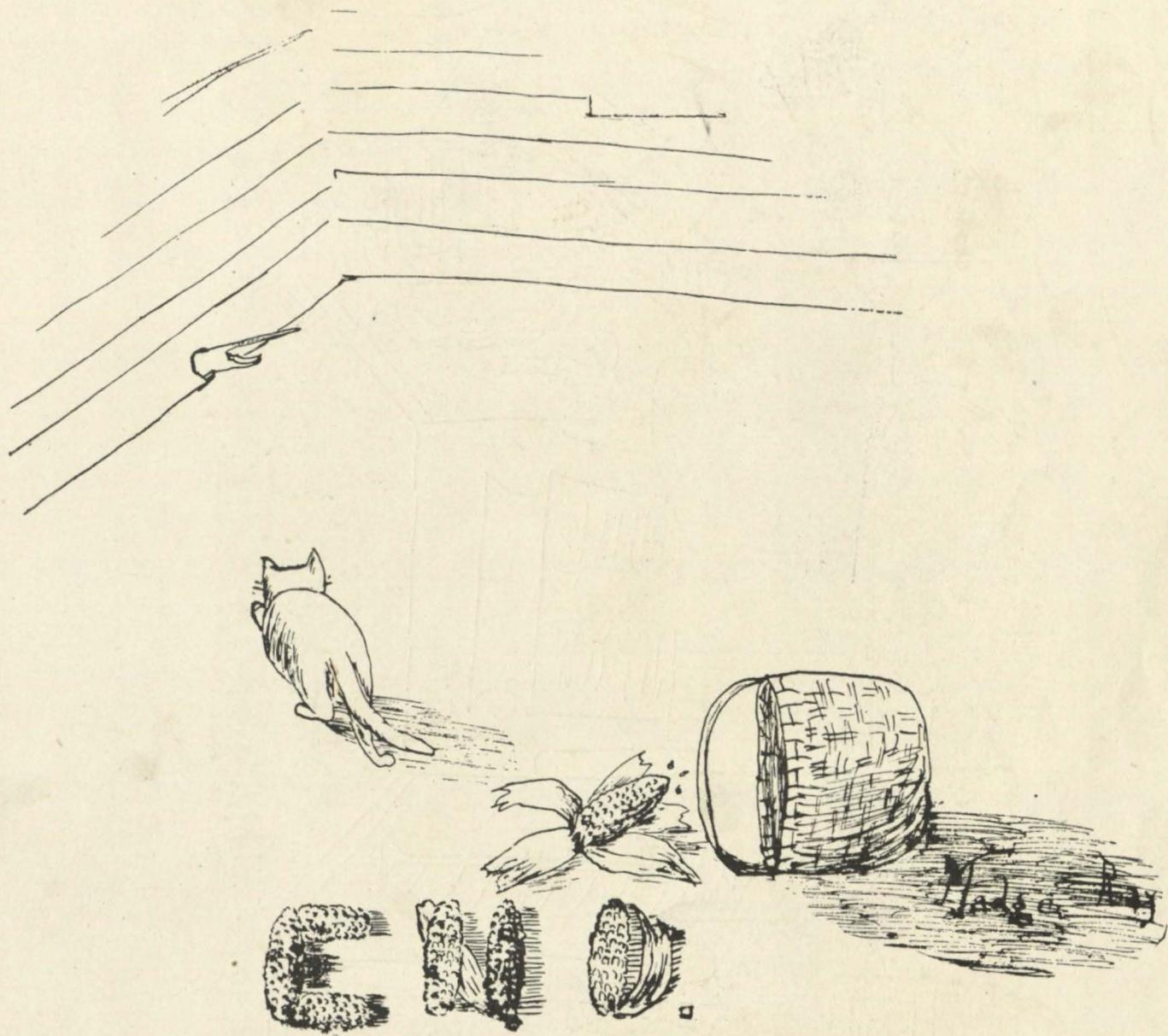
THENA HOLT: "Luke Arnold, what is the matter with your hair? I believe it's turning gray."

LUKE: "Well, you see, Sammy said his favorite color was gray, so I powdered my hair last night."

ANNA RUTH: "What department are you trying to get a certificate in, Lena?"

LENA: "At present I am trying to get a certificate *out* of 'gym'!"

If people would only say what they thought, there wouldn't be much talking.





PLEASE
PATRONIZE.

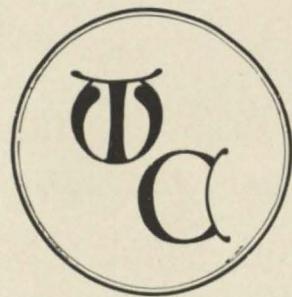
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SECOND MAN: "How?"

FIRST MAN: "On an old flame of mine!"

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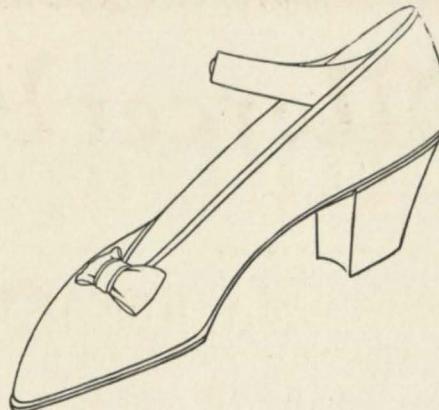
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A NARROW ESCAPE.

"How many times have you been married?"

"Three, but—"

"Madam," he interrupted, "I'm taking the census, not proposing."

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Quite matchless are her dark brown i i i
She talks with perfect e e e
And when I tell her she is y y y
She says I am a t t t.

AN EFFECTUAL DISGUISE.

CUSTOMER: "I'm going to a masked ball, and I want something that will completely disguise me."

COSTUMER: "Certainly, sir. I will give you something nice."

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she "isn't in."

GERALDINE: "Did you peel your apple before eating it, Thena?"

THENA: "Yes."

GERALDINE: "But where have you put the peel?"

THENA: "Oh, I ate it first."

Why does the butterfly?
Because the tomato can.

True wisdom lies in gathering the precious things out of each hour as it goes by.

CONCERNING LUCK.

It is unlucky when travelling by rail to be alone with a homicidal maniac.

When picking up a lucky horse-shoe, it is unlucky to be run over. It is better to go without the horse-shoe.

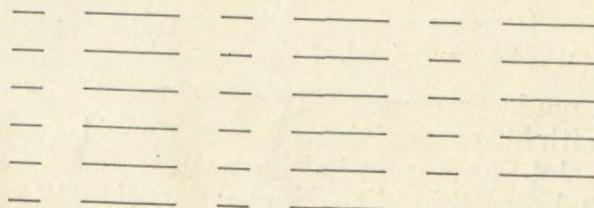
It is unlucky to be the thirteenth guest at a dinner table which is laid for twelve only. The proper course is to wait for an invitation.

At a table in a cafe sat a lady and two gentlemen when suddenly the electric lights went out. Quickly and noiselessly the lady drew back. An instant later there was a smack of a compound kiss. As the lights went up, each man was seen to be smiling complaisantly.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady, "but nobody kissed me." Then the young men glared at each other.

SONNET—TO GENIUS.

Oh Flame of Genius! now the time has come
When you should burn and lend your aid to me
For some one said a song must ne'er be sung
Unless the singer in the humor be.



At a recent commencement a haughty girl graduate swept off the stage.

Well, that was a practical thesis. Did any graduate demonstrate the cooking of a steak?

LOIS ATKINSON (in Astronomy): "I just can't conceive of anything as enormous as the celestial sphere."

PROF. HINTON: "Why, Miss Lois, it's as big as all out-of-doors; it's the biggest thing on earth."

LUDIE HARVEY: "Dubie made a quilt like the United States flag."

DORSEY AND E. B. M. (in one breath): "O! what color was it?"

One Monday night when Dr. Ainsworth informed the girls that instead of the usual Bible verse, each table would give a stanza from some hymn, the following took place at one of the tables:

MARY PONDER: "Mr. Hinton, give me a hymn, please."

PROF. HINTON: "Well, Miss Mary, you have no objections to *me*, have you?"

"How iss your boy Fritz getting alone in der college?"

"Aeh! He is halfback in der football team, and all der way back in his studies."

True wisdom lies in gathering the precious things out of each hour as it goes by.

HANS: "Vot become of dat young lady vot you used to make love at in a hammock?"

FRITZ: "Oh, we fell out."

WORDSWORTH UP-TO-DATE.

"She was a phantom of fright
When first she gleamed upon my sight!
A shapeless shape in scanty dress
To haunt, to startle, to distress.

I saw her upon nearer view;
The things that woman had to do!
She had to breathe a certain way,
And walk and walk for miles each day.

She couldn't eat a thing that's good
For human nature's daily food,
But just some hygienic stuff,
And stop before she'd had enough!

You'd think no one, however thin,
Her sheath-like garments could get in;
E'en if you understood the cult
You'd be surprised at the result!

A perfect woman nobly gowned,
With hips scarce thirty inches round!
A slot-like form, a halting gait,
And something like an angel's weight!"

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As the train neared the city, the colored porter approached the jovial-faced gentleman, saying with a smile, "Shall ah brush yo' off sah?"

"No," he replied, "I prefer to get

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GETTING EVEN.

HE: "Why not give me your reply now? It is not fair to keep me in suspense."

SHE: "But think of the time you have kept me in suspense!"

HE: "I didn't know you were such an admirer of curios."

SHE: "Oh, yes, indeed, I just delight in iniquities."

A DISTINCT PROSPECT.

"And you say you love me?"

"Devotedly."

"With the cost of living as high as it is?"

"Indeed I do, and when the cost of living is less I will prove my love by making you my wife."

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UNFEELING YOUNG WOMAN: "Really I'm awfully sorry we haven't a volume in the house."

DECALOGING IT.

"When a woman marries and then divorces her husband inside of a week, what would you call it?"

"Taking his name in vain."

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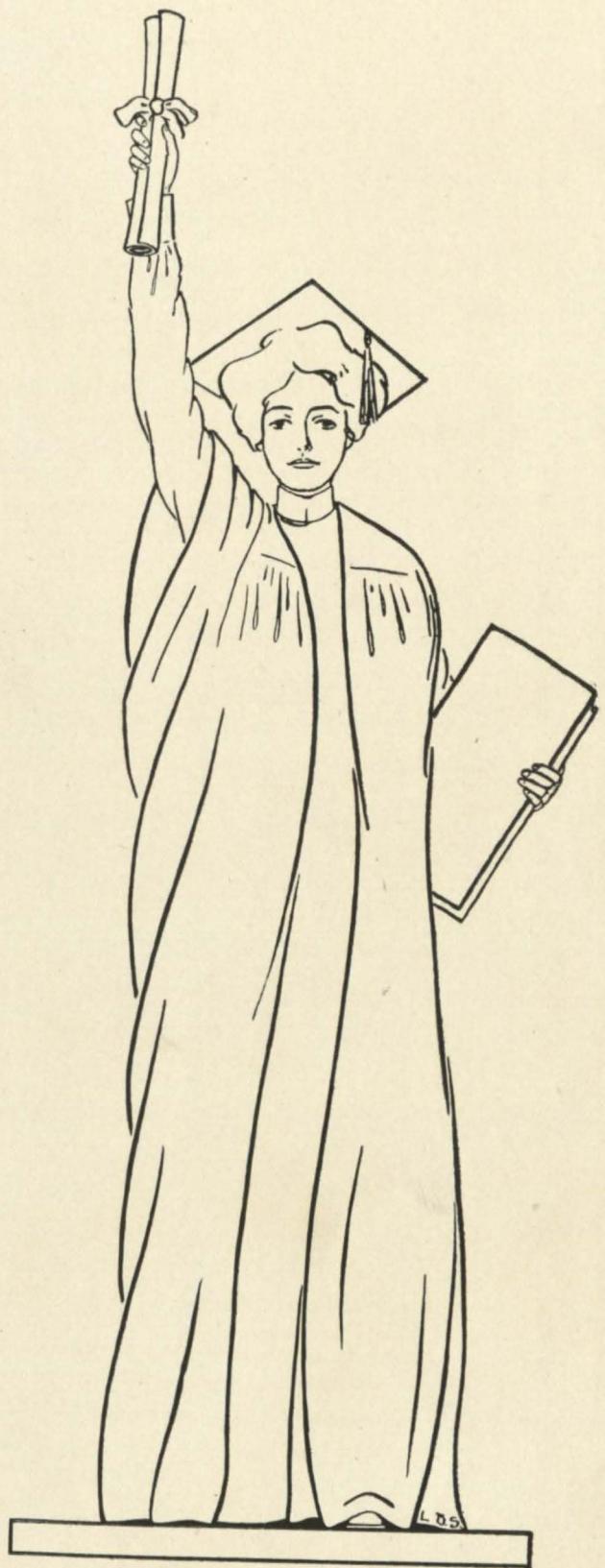
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